

R. Crumb's HEAD COMIX



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TWENTY YEARS LATER
A New Introduction
BY R. CRUMB

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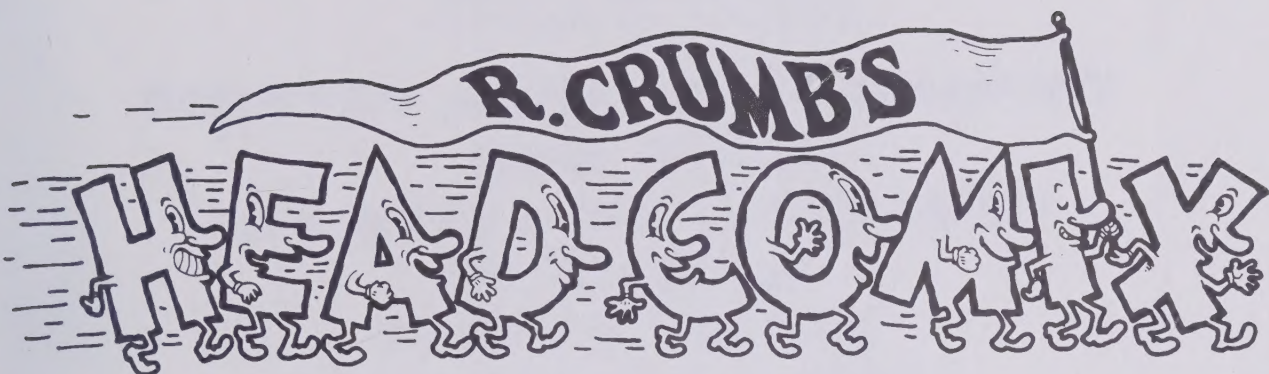


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TWENTY YEARS LATER...

BY THE 'HEAD' HIMSELF, R. CRUMB

AH, TO BE TWENTY-FOUR YEARS OLD IN THE YEAR 1967!! WHAT VISTAS!! WHAT POSSIBILITIES!! WHAT GRAND EXCITEMENTS!! STONED-OUT DIZZINESS!! EUPHORIA!! THEN THERE WAS ALSO "THE HORROR!! THE HORROR!!" LIFE WAS ANYTHING BUT DULL ON THE WORST OF DAYS IN THE YEAR 1967... BUM TRIPS, BAD SCENES... "THAT'S COOL TOO!"

EVEN WHEN SADDLED WITH A WIFE WHOSE ONLY WISH WAS FOR A NICE HOUSE IN THE SUBURBS, A COUPLE OF KIDS AND A HUBBY WITH STEADY IN-COME. SHE WOULD'VE BEEN JUST AS HAPPY IF WE'D STAYED IN CLEVELAND, TAKEN THAT HOUSE IN GARFIELD HEIGHTS, AND I'D KEPT MY POSITION WITH THE GREETING CARD COMPANY, STEADILY GETTING RAISES AND PROMOTIONS. BUT NO, I HAD TO DRAG HER ALL OVER HELL AND CREATION, PLOP HER DOWN RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE VORTEX OF CRAZINESS, THE HAIGHT-ASHBURY OF EARLY 1967. "WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO GROW UP AND ACCEPT YOUR RESPONSIBILITIES" SHE USED TO SCOLD ME... "GROWING UP" WAS THE FURTHEST THING FROM MY MIND, BUT STILL I FELT GUILTY. "SHE'S RIGHT... I'M IMMATURE, I'M ALL MIXED UP," IS HOW I'D THINK ABOUT IT... "JUST WANNA HAVE FUN IN THE WORST WAY... FUCK AROUND... GO OFF AND BE A HIPPIY, FREE OF CARES AND WORRIES... NO JOB, NO MONEY, NO STUFF, EXCEPT MY SKETCHBOOK AND MY SILLY BANJO-UKLE." I'D RUN OFF WITH MY PALS AND GET HIGH IN THE WOODS, COME BACK HOME TAIL BETWEEN MY LEGS. SHE'S SITTING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BED LIKE AN INDIAN SQUAW READING *FAMILY CIRCLE*. WE LIVED ON WELFARE. IT WAS EASY. NOBODY EVER THOUGHT ABOUT THE FUTURE EXCEPT IN SOME VAGUE PHILOSOPHIC SENSE.

WE'D FOUND A WAY OUT, OUR GENERATION... BEFORE THIS NEW HIPPIY THING, THERE WERENT TOO MANY WAYS TO DODGE THE STANDARD PATTERN. YOU GOT OUT OF HIGH SCHOOL, YOU WENT TO THE ARMY OR COLLEGE, THEN YOU GOT A JOB, GOT MARRIED, HAD KIDS, WENT INTO DEBT, THAT WAS IT. LOOKING AROUND AT THIS 'GROWN UP' WORLD, IT LOOKED LIKE A MISERABLE HELL TO ME. MY PARENTS EVERYBODY'S PARENTS... THEY WERENT ENJOYING LIFE AT ALL... THEIR NERVES WERE SHOT... THEY FRETTERED AND FOUGHT ABOUT MONEY... I WANTED NONE OF IT... I RESOLVED NEVER TO GET MARRIED OR HAVE KIDS. (BEEN MARRIED TWICE - TWO KIDS) I WANTED TO ESCAPE. BUT THERE SEEMED TO BE NO WAY OUT. WHAT WOULD I DO OUT THERE IN THE WORLD? HOW WOULD I LIVE? YIPE!

IN THE EARLY 'SIXTIES I USED TO READ *PLAYBOY* AND BE MILDLY DAZZLED BY THE URBAN SOPHISTICATE LIFE GLORIFIED IN ITS PAGES. I TOYED WITH DREAMS OF MAKING IT BIG AS A COMMERCIAL ARTIST IN NEW YORK. I'D HAVE MY OWN SNAZZY BACHELOR DIGS, TAKE BEAUTIFUL, STYLISH WOMEN OUT TO LITTLE HIP JAZZ CLUBS, AND FUCK 'EM AFTERWARDS BACK AT MY BACHELOR DIGS. I FIGURED I'D CHANGE MY NAME, LEAVE OFF THE LAUGHABLE 'CRUMB' PART, USE MY MIDDLE NAME AS MY LAST NAME, AND SIGN MY WORK

'BOB DENNIS.' LATER ON I DID TRY TO MAKE IT AS A COMMERCIAL ARTIST IN NEW YORK... TRIED FOR NINE MONTHS OF THE HARDEST SLAVE LABOR OF MY LIFE. I WORKED LIKE A DAWG FOR VARIOUS PUBLISHERS AND TOPPS GUM CO. I WASN'T SHARP ENOUGH TO COMPETE IN THE RAT RACE, AND ANYWAY IT WASN'T WORTH IT. I GAVE UP AND SLUNK BACK TO CLEVELAND AND THE CARD COMPANY. ALL THIS WITH THE WIFE IN TOW, MIND YOU... PLUS I'D ALREADY STARTED TAKING MASSIVE DOSES OF LSD AND KIND OF FORGOT ABOUT THE WHOLE IDEA OF PURSUING A CAREER. LOOKING AT THE HOSTLE AND BUSTLE THROUGH PSYCHEDELICISED EYES IT ALL SEEMED LIKE A COMPLETE SHAM, A PETTY SCRAMBLE FOR POSITION AND PRESTIGE. MY VISION OF LIFE HAD BECOME BIBLICAL, EPIC... I WAS SPEECHLESS, DUMBFOUNDED BY THIS... THIS NONSENSE!

THEN ONE COLD DREARY EVENING I WAS SITTING AROUND IN ADELE'S BAR AFTER WORK... THAT JOB AT THE CARD COMPANY WAS DRIVING ME TO DRINK. I WAS PUTTING OFF GOING HOME WHEN IN CAME THESE TWO WACKED-OUT CHARACTERS I KNEW. THESE TWO GUYS, BOTH CERTIFIED LUNATICS, TOLD ME THEY WERE ON THEIR WAY TO SAN FRANCISCO THAT VERY NIGHT. THEY SAID SOMETHING EXCITING WAS HAPPENING OUT THERE... A GATHERING TOGETHER OF PEOPLE OF LIKE MIND... ACID-HEADS, DROP-OUTS, HIPSTERS... IT ALL SOUNDED VERY INVITING TO ME... I ASKED IF THEY MIGHT HAVE ROOM FOR ONE MORE... 'SURE! COME ON ALONG,' THEY SAID. I TOLD ANOTHER FRIEND I WAS WITH TO CALL MY WIFE AND INFORM HER THAT I WENT TO SAN FRANCISCO. NO WAY WAS I GOING TO CONFRONT HER MYSELF. ARE YOU KIDDING? SHE WOULD'VE THROWN A ROYAL SNOT-SLINGING FIT! WAS I AFRAID OF HER? I WAS TERRIFIED OF HER!

IT WAS JANUARY, 1967 WHEN I SET OUT FOR THE NEW MECCA. THINK I HAD ABOUT THREE DOLLARS, THE CLOTHES I WAS WEARING, AND MY RAPIDOGRAPH PEN AND THAT'S ALL. WHAT DID I CARE? I WAS ON THE ROAD! SKIP'S CAR WAS A BROKEN DOWN OLD FIAT WITH NO HEATER. WE CREPT ACROSS THE FROZEN TUNDRAS OF MIDDLE AMERICA AT 35 MILES AN HOUR. SKIP AND TIM TOOK TURNS DRIVING AND SLEEPING IN THE BACK SEAT WHILE I, THE NON-DRIVER, SPENT THE WHOLE TRIP IN THE CO-PILOT SEAT.

SAN FRANCISCO... I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EYES... I'D NEVER SEEN SUCH A SWEET LI'L OL' CUP-CAKE TOWN. I'D BEEN IN PHILADELPHIA, CLEVELAND, NEW YORK, CHICAGO, DETROIT... PLACES LIKE THAT. BUT SAN FRANCISCO WAS DIFFERENT TWENTY YEARS AGO, TOO... THERE WERE ONLY TWO OR THREE SKYSCRAPERS DOWNTOWN, THERE WAS VERY LITTLE TRAFFIC ON THE STREETS ANYWHERE IN THE CITY. THE NEIGHBORHOODS WERE FULL OF OLD PEOPLE WHO TOOK THE TROLLEY CARS... RENTS WERE QUITE CHEAP FOR BEAUTIFUL OLD VICTORIAN FLATS AND HOUSES... IT REALLY WAS A CHARMIN' PLACE... IT WAS CLEAN, RELAXED, FRIENDLY AND LIBERAL. MAN, IT WAS NICE THEN. I WAS GLAD TO BE THERE.

AND THERE WAS A SENSE OF URGENCY, OF COSMIC POSSIBILITY IN THE AIR THERE IN 1967... A CERTAIN MAGIC GLOW OR LIGHT ABOUT THE PLACE THAT SEEMED

TO BE SAYING, "THIS IS IT...IT'S NOW OR NEVER." IT SOUNDS SO CORNY BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW ELSE TO DESCRIBE IT.

THE THREE OF US CRASHED WITH SOME GUY THEY KNEW. HE HAD A TINY PLACE IN NORTH BEACH. AFTER A COUPLE OF DAYS THE GUY WAS OBVIOUSLY GETTING ANNOYED AT US MOOCHING OFF HIM, EATING ALL HIS FOOD AND TAKING UP THE ENTIRE FRONT ROOM IN A TWO-ROOM APARTMENT. SKIP AND TIM WERE OBVIOUS BUT I WAS HYPER-SENSITIVE TO THE GUY'S SCOWLING LOOKS AND LOW MUTTERINGS. I CAN'T STAND THE THOUGHT OF BEING A BURDEN TO ANYONE FOR ONE SECOND, SO I TOOK OFF...WANDERED OUT INTO THE STREETS. I NEVER SAW THOSE GUYS AGAIN.

I'D ALREADY CHECKED OUT NORTH-BEACH. I HUNG AROUND THERE FOR AWHILE, AND THEN DECIDED TO TRY TO FIND THIS OTHER NEIGHBORHOOD OUR HOST HAD TOLD US ABOUT CALLED HAIGHT-ASHBURY THAT WAS A NEW HOT AREA FOR THE HIP ONES. I FOUND IT AND WENT INTO A PLACE CALLED 'THE PSYCHEDELIC SHOP.' A WRITTEN STATEMENT ON THE DOOR PROCLAIMED THAT THE INFLUENCE OF PSYCHEDELIC DRUGS ON OUR GENERATION WAS THE MOST IMPORTANT EVENT SO FAR IN THE EVOLUTION OF LIFE ON THIS PLANET, ETC.; ETC. INSIDE IT WAS CROWDED WITH YOUNG KIDS...THEY SAT ALONG THE WALL ON ONE SIDE OR MILLED AROUND...THE PLACE REEKED OF INCENSE, MARIJUANA AND PATCHOULI OIL. I SAT DOWN AGAINST THE WALL TOO, WONDERING WHAT TO DO NEXT. I LOOKED AROUND AT THE PEOPLE; ALL YOUNG, ALL BEAUTIFUL, WITH LONG HAIR, LOOSE, FLOWING CLOTHES, BEADS...THE WHOLE HIPPIE LOOK WAS ALREADY IN PLACE IN THERE...THEY WERE BRIGHT-EYED AND BUSHY-TAILED, THESE GROOVY KIDS...THIS WAS STILL THE IDEALISTIC PHASE...WAY BEFORE THE DISILLUSIONMENT, MEDIA HYPE, DRUG MURDERS...I FELT VERY UNCOMFORTABLE AND OUT OF PLACE...HOPE THEY DON'T THINK I'M A NARC...IS HOW I WAS THINKING, IT MADE ME FEEL LONELY AND DISCOURAGED. I WAS READY TO GIVE IT UP AND SLINK ON BACK TO OLD CLEVELAND AGAIN, AND THE WIFE. I NEVER DID GET TO WHERE I FELT COMFORTABLE AROUND THOSE FLOWER CHILDREN. THEY ALWAYS BROUGHT ON INTENSE SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS IN ME. THEY MADE ME NERVOUS. EVEN THOUGH I WAS SWEEPED UP IN THE GENERAL OPTIMISM AND SHARED A LOT OF THE SAME LSD-INSPIRED VISIONS AND IDEAS, I NEVER QUITE GOT WITH THE HIPPIE SHITCK. I ALWAYS SEEMED TO REMAIN AN OUTSIDE OBSERVER OF THESE BAREFOOT WOOD NYMPHS...GUESS I WASN'T BEAUTIFUL ENOUGH. I MEAN, IN MY SOUL...DARK DEMONS LURKED IN THERE. THE HIPPIES COULD TELL...THEY KNEW...THEY PICKED UP ON YOUR VIBRATIONS...

REMINDS ME OF THIS TIME A PAL OF MINE, A YOUNG HAPPY-GO-LUCKY HIPPIE GUY I KNEW, BROUGHT THIS GIRL OVER TO MY PLACE. THEY WERE BOTH ON ACID. THEY CAME IN THE DOOR HIGH AS KITES...THEY WERE GLOWING...IN A STATE OF GRACE...A COUPLE OF SAINTS...LOVE POURED FROM THEIR EYES...PURE HOLY LOVE...WE SAT AND TALKED QUIETLY...GRADUALLY THE GIRL BEGAN EYEING ME SUSPICIOUSLY...PSYCHING ME OUT...SOMETHING ABOUT ME DISTURBED HER...THE LOVE STOPPED POURING OUT...SHE BEGAN QUESTIONING ME AS IF I WAS HIDING SOME DARK SECRET. SUDDENLY SHE JUMPED UP AND WALKED QUICKLY TO THE DOOR... "COME ON, PETE, LET'S GO OUTSIDE," SHE SAID URGENTLY. SHE RAN OUT THE DOOR. PETE LOOKED AT ME, SHRUGGED, AND WENT OUT AFTER HER. I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS ABOUT ME THAT BUMMED HER OUT...I GUESS SHE SAW THROUGH THE BLAND EXTERIOR TO THE SEETHING TURMOIL INSIDE...SHE SAW THE DEMONS, THAT DID IT. I FELT BAD. 1

DIDN'T WANT MY ESSENCE TO CAUSE ANYBODY TO HAVE A BAD TRIP. BUT YOU CAN'T HIDE ANYTHING FROM SOMEONE WHO'S HIGH ON LSD.

SO THERE I WAS SITTING ON THE FLOOR OF THE PSYCHEDELIC SHOP. JUST THEN A GUY I KNEW FROM CLEVELAND WALKED IN THE DOOR AND SAW ME. HE IMMEDIATELY INVITED ME TO STAY AT HIS HOUSE OUT ON 48TH AVENUE- RIGHT OUT AT THE BEACH. I WAS SO GREATLY RELIEVED...SUDDENLY EVERYTHING WAS LOOKING BRIGHTER. AFTER A FEW WEEKS I HAD SET UP A FREE-LANCE ARRANGEMENT WITH THE GREETING CARD PEOPLE IN CLEVELAND AND HAD MONEY COMING IN. I RENTED A PLACE ON SACRAMENTO STREET, AND THEN I MADE MY FIRST MISTAKE. OUT OF LONELINESS AND GUILT (I SAW HER WEeping FACE IN MY DREAMS) I CALLED THE WIFE, BEGGED HER FORGIVENESS AND ASKED HER TO GET IN THE CAR AND DRIVE OUT AND JOIN ME. AND SHE DID. THAT WAS THE END OF ANY POSSIBILITY FOR ME OF PARTICIPATING IN THE INCREDIBLE FREE-WHEELIN', NEVER-ENDING ORGY KNOWN AS THE "SUMMER OF LOVE"...GOD, IT WAS FRUSTRATING...LIVING IN THE MIDDLE OF ALL THAT AND NOT BEING ABLE TO JOIN IN...NOT EVEN A LITTLE BIT...NOT EVEN ONE LITTLE TEENY-BOPPER FLOWER-CHILD FOR BOB...BOO HOO...15-YEAR-OLD GIRLS ROAMED THE NEIGHBORHOOD HIGH ON LSD LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO CRASH...PACKS OF THEM...FLOCKS OF THEM! IT WASN'T UNTIL A COUPLE OF YEARS LATER, AFTER I WAS FAMOUS, THAT I STARTED GETTING MY FAIR SHARE OF SOME OF THAT HIPPIE-CHICK ACTION. I GUESS I SHOULDN'T GIVE THE IMPRESSION THAT MY WIFE WAS ENTIRELY TO BLAME...I WAS SUCH A PAINFULLY SHY WEIRDO...I HAD LOW SELF ESTEEM...I DIDN'T FIT THE IMAGE OF THE CHRIST-LIKE HIPPIE SAINT...BUT IF I SOUND JUST A TAD BITTER IT'S BECAUSE I AM...JUST A TAD.

I TRIED TO LOVE THAT WOMAN. I REALLY DID. BUT I WAS ITCHING FOR ADVENTURE. I WAS COMING OUT OF MY SKIN. I WAS IN NO MOOD TO BE TIED DOWN. SHE HAD BEEN THE FIRST WOMAN IN MY LIFE. I WAS 21 AND SHE ONLY 18 WHEN WE WERE PUSHED INTO MARRIAGE BY HER PARENTS.

WE'D TAKEN ALOT OF LSD TOGETHER. IT WAS HARD TO LEAVE HER. I SHOULD KNOW SINCE I LEFT HER AT LEAST A DOZEN TIMES. ONCE IN THE MIDDLE OF AN LSD SESSION I BLURTED OUT THAT I WAS GOING TO LEAVE HER, THAT I WAS TOO YOUNG TO SETTLE DOWN AND SO FORTH. IT SEEMED LIKE A REASONABLE ENOUGH ASSERTION TO ME AT THAT MOMENT. SHE DIDN'T SEE IT THAT WAY. SHE PICKED UP A BIG DRINKING GLASS AND THREW IT AGAINST THE WALL HARD, SENDING SHARDS OF GLASS DOWN ON OUR HEADS IN A SHOWER. SHE GOT UP AND RAN WEeping INTO THE BATHROOM. BEHIND THE LOCKED DOOR SHE SOBBED AND WAILED SOMETHING ABOUT KILLING HERSELF. OUTSIDE THE DOOR I PLEADED WITH HER NOT TO DO IT. I WAS STILL PEAKING ON THE LSD AND HER BEHAVIOR WAS HORRIFYING TO ME. FINALLY SHE CAME OUT. SHE WAS CALM AND SEEMED RESIGNED TO MY DECISION TO LEAVE.

I PLANNED TO CLEAR OUT THAT VERY NIGHT, AND WHILE I PACKED MY SUITCASE SHE HEATED UP THE CHICKEN SOUP...OUR LAST DINNER TOGETHER, SHE SAID. WE SAT DOWN TO EAT AND TALKED CALMLY ABOUT THE WHOLE THING...I TRIED TO APPEASE HER FEARS OF BEING ABANDONED IN THE WORLD...THE CHICKEN SOUP TASTED STRANGELY BITTER...SUDDENLY I SPAT IT OUT...I LOOKED AT HER... "WHAT DID YOU DO TO THIS SOUP?" I DEMANDED...SHE LOOKED FRIGHTENED...I JUMPED UP AND WENT TOWARDS HER MENACINGLY. "WHAT DID YOU PUT IN THE SOUP?" I YELLED. SHE BROKE DOWN...THIRTY SLEEPING PILLS...SHE THOUGHT MAYBE I'D

HAVE A CHANGE OF HEART AFTER A NICE LONG SLEEP. I STARED AT HER IN DISBELIEF, THEN SHOOK MY HEAD AND LAUGHED. "THAT'S IT... YOU ARE REALLY NUTS..." I'M LEAVING RIGHT NOW," I SAID. I WENT TO GET MY SUITCASE. THAT'S WHEN SHE PUSHED ME DOWN ON THE COUCH AND SAT ON ME. SHE WAS A HUGE WOMAN. I WAS HELPLESS, I COULDN'T MOVE. SHE HAD ME PINNED. "YOU CAN'T SIT ON ME FOREVER... SOONER OR LATER YOU'LL HAVE TO GET UP," I SAID. SHE SAW THE LOGIC IN THIS AND GOT UP IMMEDIATELY. "I'LL GO," SHE SAID MATTER-OF-FACT. "I DON'T WANT TO STAY HERE BY MYSELF. I'M GOING BACK TO CLEVELAND." I SAW HER OFF ON A PLANE A COUPLE OF HOURS LATER. THIS HAPPENED IN NEW YORK A YEAR BEFORE I RAN AWAY TO SAN FRANCISCO.

IN THE SUMMER OF 1967, EXACTLY TWENTY YEARS AGO AS I'M WRITING THIS, I RAN AWAY AGAIN, WHILE SHE WAS OUT BUYING GROCERIES. I WAS SITTING AROUND FEELING SUFFOCATED, TRAPPED LIKE A CAGED ANIMAL. I GRABBED MY SKETCHBOOK, WALKED DOWN THE STAIRS AND OUT THE FRONT DOOR OF THE BUILDING AND STUCK MY THUMB OUT, RIGHT THERE ON OAK STREET. THAT NIGHT I SLEPT ON A SIDEWALK OUTSIDE OF AUBURN, CALIFORNIA. I WAS HEADING EAST. THE PLAN WAS TO MAKE MY WAY TO CHICAGO AND STAY WITH MY OLD FRIEND MARIY PAHLS. AT DAWN THE NEXT MORNING A KIND OLDER MAN SHOOK ME AWAKE ON MY SIDEWALK AND OFFERED ME A RIDE ABOUT TEN MILES DOWN THE ROAD. NEXT A TRUCK DRIVER TOOK ME AS FAR AS THE TURN-OFF FOR FERNLEY, NEVADA, OUT IN THE DESERT. THERE I STOOD IN THE BLAZING SUN ALL DAY. NOBODY WOULD STOP. IT WAS A SPOT WHERE ALOT OF HITCHHIKERS HAD GOTTEN STRANDED. THERE WAS GARBAGE AND OLD BITS OF BREAD STREWN ON THE GROUND AROUND THE LIGHT-POLE. INSCRIPTIONS ON THE POLE SAID THINGS LIKE, "GOD HELP ME, I'VE BEEN HERE 21 HOURS," AND "I HATE THIS FUCKING PLACE." EIGHT HOURS PASSED, AND I TOO BEGAN TO HATE THAT FUCKING PLACE AND EVERY SMUG SON-OF-A-BITCH THAT WENT BREEZING BY IN THEIR CAR. THE SUN WAS GOING DOWN BEHIND THE DESOLATE HILLS IN THE DISTANCE. I WAS GETTING WORRIED. THEN I SAW A BLESSED SIGHT... AN ABSURD MILK DELIVERY TRUCK PAINTED UP WITH PEACE SYMBOLS AND OTHER SLOPPY PSYCHEDELIC DESIGNS SLOWLY PUTT-PUTTING DOWN THE HIGHWAY. I WAS CERTAIN HE'D STOP FOR ME, SO I CASUALLY WAVED AS THE MILK TRUCK APPROACHED. AND THEN TO MY AMAZEMENT AND DISMAY HE CRUISED RIGHT ON PAST ME. THIS WAS THE LAST STRAW. I RAN AFTER THE TRUCK, SCREAMING AND WAVING MY ARMS. HE FINALLY SLOWED TO A HALT. I RAN UP AND JUMPED IN THE DOOR BEFORE HE COULD CHANGE HIS MIND. "HOW COME YOU DIDN'T STOP? I WAS DYING OUT THERE," I SAID TO THE DRIVER, A YOUNG HIPPIE. HE GRINNED LIKE AN IDIOT AND SAID SOMETHING ABOUT BEING REALLY STONED. "YOU WERE MY LAST HOPE," I SAID. I WENT INTO THE BACK AND FLOPPED DOWN IN THE COZY DEN SOMEONE HAD RIGGED UP BACK THERE... PILLOWS, BLANKETS AND FABRICS ON THE WALLS. I WAS WEAK FROM THAT BLISTERING SUN BEATING ON ME ALL DAY. THERE WERE THREE OTHER YOUNG PEOPLE BACK THERE... A YOUNG GUY WHO WAS DOING HIS "ON THE ROAD" STINT, KITCHING EAST TO BOSTON. HE WAS A VERY WELL-BRED, EDUCATED, IDEALISTIC YOUNG MAN WHOM I GOT TO KNOW QUITE WELL BEFORE THIS JOURNEY WAS OVER. THE OTHER TWO WERE RUN-AWAY TEEN-AGE GIRLS. WE TALKED FOR A LONG TIME AND SMOKED SOME DOPE. EVENTUALLY THE KID FROM BOSTON GOT INTO AN INTIMATE CLUTCH WITH ONE OF THE GIRLS UNDER THE BLANKETS. THE OTHER GIRL PULLED OUT A BIG HUNTING KNIFE AND SHOWED IT TO ME. "IF ANYBODY TRIES TO MESS WITH ME I'LL STICK THIS THING RIGHT IN THEIR GUT. I KNOW HOW TO USE IT TOO, MAN,

DON'T KID YOURSELF," SHE TOLD ME. I EXPRESSED THE OPINION THAT IT WAS WISE FOR A YOUNG GIRL OUT IN THE WORLD ALONE TO HAVE SOME FORM OF SELF-DEFENSE... THEN I LAY DOWN AND WENT TO SLEEP.

THE NEXT MORNING THE LOCAL COPS IN ROCK SPRINGS, WYOMING PULLED US ALL OUT OF THE VAN. THEY TOOK THE DOPEY DRIVER AND THE TWO RUN-AWAY GIRLS AND PUT THEM IN THE BACK OF THEIR PATROL CAR, AND TOLD ME AND THE OTHER HITCHHIKER TO GET OUT OF TOWN. THEY SAID IF THEY SAW US AROUND TOWN BY SUNDOWN THEY'D PUT US IN JAIL, AND WARNED US THAT HITCHHIKING WAS ILLEGAL IN THE STATE OF WYOMING. NICE FELLAS.

WE WANDERED AROUND THE TOWN, TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO. WE CAME TO A RAILROAD YARD AND DISCUSSED HOPPING ON A FREIGHT TRAIN. NEITHER ONE OF US HAD EVER DONE IT BEFORE. WE THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE FUN, NOT TO MENTION THE ONLY WAY OUT OF THERE. WE WAITED AROUND FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS BUT NO TRAINS SEEMED TO BE STARTING EAST. WE GOT TIRED OF WAITING AND WENT BACK INTO TOWN TO GET SOME FOOD SUPPLIES, AND RAN INTO THREE OTHER STRANDED HIPPIES. THESE HIPPIES WERE THE WILD LOW-LIFE TYPE, HIGH ON AMPHETAMINES OR SOMETHING. THEY WERE HYPER AND CRAZY AND SEEMED SLIGHTLY DANGEROUS... UNPREDICTABLE. MY REFINED TRAVELLING COMPANION FROM BOSTON DID NOT WISH TO ASSOCIATE WITH THIS ELEMENT. HE TOOK ME ASIDE AND TOLD ME HE THOUGHT THEY WERE TROUBLE. HE WENT OFF TO SEE ABOUT HITCHHIKING OUT OF THE TOWN. THE THREE CRAZIES TOLD US THE COPS HAD CHASED THEM OFF THE HIGHWAY AND THREATENED TO BUST THEM FOR HITCHHIKING, JUST AS THEY HAD WITH US. I PUT IN WITH THEM FOR SOME REASON. I WAS KIND OF HARE-BRAINED IN THOSE DAYS. THESE THREE, TWO MEN AND A WOMAN, WERE REALLY ASKING FOR TROUBLE. THEY'D DO THINGS LIKE RUN INTO A BARBERSHOP, RUN AROUND THE CHAIRS, POKE THE BARBER AND LAUGH AND SHRIEK AND MAKE WISE-CRACKS, RUN OUT OF THERE AND INTO ANOTHER PLACE OF BUSINESS AND DO THE SAME STUFF. THEY ENJOYED PREAKING OUT THE LOCALS, PUTTING THEM THROUGH CHANGES... THE MERRY PRANKSTERS OR SOMETHING... I COULDN'T BELIEVE THEY WERE GETTING AWAY WITH IT. I WAS SURPRISED AT HOW TIMID AND COWED THE TOWNSPEOPLE WERE BY THE SHENANIGANS OF THESE MANIACS. NOBODY DID ANYTHING TO US... FINALLY THEY STARTED TO WIND DOWN... ROCK SPRINGS WAS SUCH A DRAG, MAN... THEY WERE GETTING BORED... WE SHUFFLED INTO THE BUS STATION... NO MORE PRANKS... GUESS THEY WERE TIRED OF NOT GETTING ANY REACTION... THEY ALL BOUGHT TICKETS TO SOMEWHERE AND BOARDED A BUS. I HEADED BACK TO THE RAILROAD YARD. IT WAS NIGHT BY THIS TIME. THERE I FOUND MY FRIEND FROM BOSTON, SITTING BY THE TRACKS. I WAS GLAD TO SEE HIM. WE HUNG AROUND THERE AWHILE IN THE BLEAK GLARE OF AN ELECTRIC OVERHEAD LIGHT, BUT NOTHING WAS HAPPENING... NO TRAIN ACTION AT ALL... WE TRUDGED BACK INTO TOWN. IT WAS ONE IN THE MORNING BY NOW. WE WERE PASSING THE TOWN SQUARE WHERE A YOUNG COWBOY WAS LOUNGING ON THE GRASS BY THE CANNON. HE RESEMBLED MONTGOMERY CLIFT IN "THE MISFITS." HE HAILED US OVER IN A FRIENDLY WAY. WE WENT AND SAT DOWN WITH HIM AND HAD A FUNNY CONVERSATION. AFTER AWHILE HE TOLD US THAT WE COULD ALL STAY IN THIS MOTEL NEAR BY WHERE THE OLD LADY NEVER LOCKED THE DOORS OF THE UNUSED ROOMS. IF WE GOT OUT EARLY ENOUGH IN THE MORNING, SHE'D BE NONE THE WISER. HE'D DONE IT BEFORE, NO PROBLEM. IT SOUNDED FABULOUS TO US. WE ALL WENT OVER THERE AND EACH TOOK OUR OWN ROOM. I CRAWLED BETWEEN THOSE SWEET, COOL, CRISP SHEETS AND SLEPT LIKE A BABY.

THE NEXT MORNING, SURE ENOUGH, THE OLD LADY CAUGHT US NAPPING. BEFORE I WAS FULLY AWAKE THE COPS WERE THERE AND HAD ROUNDED US UP. "OKAY,

YOU BOYS ARE GONNA HAVE TO PAY FOR THESE ROOMS OR SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES," ONE OF THE COPS TOLD US. ME AND BOSTON HAD ABOUT TWO BUCKS BETWEEN US. "I'LL PAY FOR THE ROOMS," THE COWBOY OFFERED. WHAT A DECENT GUY! IT SEEMED HE WAS A LOCAL BOY. THE COPS KNEW HIM BY HIS FIRST NAME. "OKAY, YOU TWO BOYS BETTER GET OUT OF THIS TOWN TODAY," THEY SAID TO US. THE KID FROM BOSTON AND I BEAT IT OUT OF THERE, RELIEVED THAT WE WERE GETTING OFF SO EASILY.

WE SPENT THE DAY SITTING AROUND THE RAILROAD YARD. SOONER OR LATER A TRAIN WOULD COME AND TAKE US AWAY FROM ROCK SPRINGS. WE ATE OUR FOOD SUPPLY AND TALKED. AFTER NIGHTFALL A BIG FREIGHT TRAIN RUMBLED INTO THE YARD. WE WAITED AND SOON IT STARTED UP AGAIN. THIS WAS IT. WE RAN ALONGSIDE OF IT LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO JUMP ON. ALL THE BOXCARS WERE CLOSED UP. IT WAS PICKING UP SPEED RAPIDLY. SOME EMPTY FLAT CARS CAME ALONG, AND WE JUMPED UP ON ONE OF THESE. AS THE TRAIN BEGAN GOING FASTER AND FASTER, THE FLAT CAR STARTED SHAKING VIOLENTLY FROM SIDE TO SIDE. WE HAD TO LIE FLAT ON OUR STOMACHS AND HANG ON TIGHT TO KEEP FROM BEING THROWN OFF. "OH MAN, ARE WE GONNA HAVE TO SPEND THE WHOLE NIGHT LIKE THIS?" I PONDERED. I WAS SCARED. WHAT A COUPLE OF GREENHORN HOBOES WE WERE! AFTER HALF AN HOUR OF THIS ORDEAL THE TRAIN SUDDENLY STOPPED AGAIN. WE WERE IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE... DESERT ALL AROUND. WE HAD TO GET OFF THAT FLAT CAR NO MATTER WHAT. WE JUMPED OFF AND RAN DOWN ALONG THE TRAIN DESPERATELY LOOKING FOR BETTER ACCOMMODATIONS. THE TRAIN STARTED UP AGAIN AS SUDDENLY AS IT HAD STOPPED. "GREAT, WE'RE GONNA BE STRANDED OUT IN THIS DESERT!" I YELLED TO MY COMPANION. JUST THEN WE SPOTTED A FLAT CAR WITH HUGE CULVERT PIPES STACKED ON IT. WE WERE IN LUCK! FRANTICALLY WE GRABBED HOLD AND SCRAMBLED UP ON THE FLATCAR, JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME, AND CRAWLED INTO ONE OF THE HUGE CONCRETE PIPES. IT WAS QUITE COZY COMPARED TO THAT EMPTY FLAT CAR. WE WERE HAPPY AND SOON WE WERE FAST ASLEEP.

THE NEXT AFTERNOON WE GOT OFF THE TRAIN IN CHEYENNE WITH THE INTENTION TO TRY HITCHHIKING AGAIN. WE WERE VERY HUNGRY AND WEARY AS WE LIMPED ALONG INTO THE CITY. WE SAW A RESTAURANT AND WENT IN. WITH OUR LAST FIFTY CENTS, WE STOOD THERE EYEING THE SLICES OF PIE AND DANISHES ON DISPLAY BY THE COUNTER, TRYING TO DECIDE WHICH WAS THE BEST DEAL FOR OUR MONEY. A YOUNG WAITRESS SAW OUR PATHETIC HUNGRY-DOG EXPRESSIONS AND TOLD US TO SIT DOWN, AND SHE BROUGHT US FREE HAMBURGERS! WE GOBBLED THOSE BURGERS UP, THANKED HER AND LEFT THERE BELIEVING THAT THERE WAS STILL SOME BIG HEART OUT THERE IN AMERICA. WE WERE UPLIFTED AND REFRESHED, AND READY FOR MORE ADVENTURES. WE WALKED SEVERAL MILES OUT TO THE MAJOR HIGHWAY JUNCTION, WHERE WE FOUND A VERITABLE CROWD OF HIPPIES WAITING TO GET RIDES. ONE GUY HAD BEEN THERE FOR EIGHT HOURS. IT WAS GETTING LATE, HITCHHIKING LOOKED PRETTY HOPELESS. WE TROOPED ON BACK TO THE RAILYARD. OUR TRAIN WITH THE CULVERT PIPES WAS STILL THERE RIGHT WHERE WE'D LEFT IT. WE ASKED A YARD WORKER ABOUT TRAINS HEADED EAST. HE INFORMED US THAT THE ONE WE CAME IN ON WAS ABOUT TO PULL OUT AGAIN SHORTLY. WE CLIMBED BACK IN OUR PIPE AND SETTLED DOWN FOR ANOTHER NIGHT. BY NOW WE FELT OURSELVES TO BE OLD HANDS AT THIS BUMMING TRAINS BUSINESS.

THE TRAIN DIDN'T STOP ANYWHERE ALL THE NEXT DAY. IN THE AFTERNOON I HAD A BAD CASE OF THE RUNS AND HAD TO SHIT OFF THE END OF THE FLAT CAR WHILE HANGING ON TO THE CABLES THAT HELD THE CULVERT PIPES IN PLACE. I SAW MY DIARRHEA GO FLYING INTO THE AIR IN A LONG STREAM... A LOVELY SIGHT.

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING THE TRAIN PULLED INTO A HUGE YARD IN NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA. THE TWO OF US LAY LIMP INSIDE THE PIPE FEELING VERY WEAK AND LISTLESS. WE'D HAD NO FOOD OR WATER SINCE THAT RESTAURANT IN CHEYENNE. A YARD WORKER POKED HIS HEAD IN OUR PIPE AND WARNED US THAT WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF THERE FAST BECAUSE THEY WERE ABOUT TO "BUMP" THE CARS TO UNCOUPLE THEM AND WE COULD BE KILLED BY THE IMPACT. WE THANKED HIM AND TUMBLED OUT OF THERE. WE PLODDED ACROSS ROWS OF TRACKS AND CAME TO A SMALL ROAD THAT RAN ALONGSIDE THE YARD. A PICK-UP TRUCK CAME UP THE ROAD AND STOPPED BESIDE US. A HEAVY-SET CREW-CUTTED MAN IN A BROWN SUIT BARKED AT US, "HEY! DID YOU GUYS JUST GET OFF THAT TRAIN?" "YEAH," I SAID. I DIDN'T CARE ANYMORE. I WAS HALF DEAD. "GET IN THE TRUCK," HE ORDERED US. HE DROVE US TO A LITTLE POLICE STATION BELONGING TO THE RAILROAD. IT HAD JAIL CELLS AND EVERYTHING. HE WAS A DETECTIVE FOR THE UNION PACIFIC. HE SAT AT A BIG DESK POLISHING HIS BIG BROWN SHOES AND QUESTIONING US... A REAL STEREOTYPE. MY FRIEND BECAME INDIGNANT; "THE RAILROADS SHOULD BELONG TO THE PEOPLE, MAN—" THE BIG GUY CUT HIM OFF. "DON'T CALL ME MAN! I DON'T WANNA HEAR THAT BEATNIK CRAP." HE GROWLED WITH CONTEMPT. WE WERE GIVEN TWO OPTIONS; BUY TICKETS AND TAKE THE PASSENGER TRAIN OUT OF NORTH PLATTE OR SPEND THIRTY DAYS IN LOCK-UP. THE KID FROM BOSTON DIDN'T WANT TO CALL HIS PARENTS. THEY'D FLIP OUT, HE TOLD ME. I SAID I'D TRY TO GET US THE MONEY. I CALLED MY WIFE AND EXPLAINED THE SITUATION. SHE WAS PISSED AT ME FOR WALKING OUT WITHOUT EVEN SO MUCH AS A GOOD-BYE AND GOOD LUCK. I BEGGED HER FORGIVENESS AND GOT HER TO WIRE A HUNDRED DOLLARS FAST. WE BOUGHT TICKETS TO CHICAGO. WHILE WE WAITED FOR THE TRAIN THE GRUFF OLD DETECTIVE BROWSED THROUGH MY SKETCHBOOK. HE GOT A FEW CHUCKLES OUT OF IT. I ENDED UP KIND OF LIKING THE OLD BASTARD.

SO THERE WE WERE, ALL OF A SUDDEN, RIDING IN STYLE WITH ALOT OF WELL-DRESSED MIDDLE-CLASS PEOPLE IN A PASSENGER TRAIN... IT WAS STRANGE.

IN CHICAGO I GOT A CALL AT MARTY'S FROM RALPH GINZBURG... HE WAS A NEW YORK HUSTLER WHO HAD GOTTEN MILES OF PUBLICITY OUT OF HAVING BEEN BUSTED FOR PUBLISHING THIS LAVISH, EXPENSIVE, PRETENTIOUS SEX MAGAZINE CALLED EROS. EROS WAS VERY DARING FOR THOSE TIMES. RALPH MILKED THIS BUST FOR YEARS. HE HAD THIS AD SHOWING A MUG-SHOT-TYPE SET OF PHOTOS OF HIMSELF. HE WAS AN OBNOXIOUS PRESENCE IN THAT ERA. NOW HE WAS DOING A NEW MAGAZINE EQUALLY LAVISH AND PRETENTIOUS CALLED AVANT GARDE. THE CARTOON EDITOR OF CAVALIER, A RUN-OF-THE-MILL PLAYBOY IMITATION, HAD SHOWN RALPH SOME OF THE CARTOONS OF MINE THAT HE WAS RUNNING. RALPH DUG THE STUFF AND WANTED ME TO DO A LONG PIECE FOR AVANT GARDE... AS MUCH AS SEVEN PAGES IF I WANTED TO. THE PAY WAS VERY GOOD. I SET TO WORK RIGHT AWAY AND TURNED OUT SEVEN PAGES IN THREE DAYS, SITTING AT MARTY'S KITCHEN TABLE. I STILL HAD SOME MONEY LEFT, AND TOOK THE GREYHOUND TO NEW YORK.

WELL, RALPHY DIDN'T APPRECIATE AV'N'GAR COMIX, I'D DONE A NICE COLOR 'COVER' AND SIX PAGES OF CRAZY PSYCHEDELIC STRIPS. HE DIDN'T GET IT AT ALL. HE WANTED SOMETHING MORE "COHESIVE"... A "STORY LINE", A "THEME"... MAN, WHAT A SQUARE, WHAT AN ASS-HOLE, I DECIDED. HE SUGGESTED I TRY AGAIN... I SAID OKAY,

BUT I KNEW HE'D ALWAYS MAKE MY LIFE HELL TO EARN THE FANCY MONEY HE WAS PAYING...THAT'S THE KINDA GUY HE WAS. PHOOEY ON THAT. I'M EGOTISTICAL. I DON'T LIKE EDITORIAL MEDDLING IN MY WORK. THAT'S WHY I STICK WITH THE "UNDERGROUND" STILL. THE PAY IS CERTAINLY MODEST BUT YOU HAVE THAT FREEDOM. I LEARNED THIS LESSON FROM SEEING WHAT HAPPENED TO MY HERO HARVEY KURTZMAN WHEN HE GOT TANGLED UP WITH HUGH HEFNER AND THE PLAYBOY EMPIRE. SO I DECIDED THEN AND THERE TO HAVE NO FURTHER BUSINESS WITH MR. GINZBURG.

I TOOK THE STRIPS DOWN TO THE OFFICE OF THE LOCAL HIPPIY RAG, THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER, WHICH PAID EXACTLY NOTHING BUT WOULD PRINT JUST ABOUT ANYTHING. I LEFT THE PILE OF ARTWORK ON THE EDITOR'S DESK, ALL EXCEPT THE NICE COLOR COVER. THE OFFICE WAS A CHAOS...HIPPIES LOUNGED ON BROKEN-DOWN COUCHES. NOBODY KNEW ANYTHING. I WENT BACK UPTOWN ON THE SUBWAY TO THE PLACE I WAS STAYING, THE APARTMENT OF MIKE THALER, THE CARTOON EDITOR OF CAVALIER. THALER WAS GOING OUT THAT NIGHT. I DECIDED TO TAKE SOME LSD HE'D GIVEN ME, ALONE IN HIS PLACE. NOT A SMART IDEA...ANOTHER YOUTHFUL FOLLY. OF COURSE, IT STARTED TO TURN BAD PRETTY QUICKLY. I FELT HORRIBLY ALONE AND OVERWHELMED BY THE CRUEL HARSHNESS OF NEW YORK CITY. SOON IT BEGAN TO GET REALLY FRIGHTENING. THE ROAR OF THE GIANT CITY SURROUNDED ME, CLOSING IN ON ME, MAKING MY HEAD SPIN. SIRENS WAILED IN MY BRAIN, THE SCREAMS OF THE SUFFERING, DYING MASSES OF HUMANITY GOT LOUDER AND LOUDER. IT WAS ALL LIKE SOME HOKEY IMAGE IN ONE OF THOSE FILM NOIR MOVIES OF THE LATE 'FORTIES. I WAS ABOUT TO START SCREAMING WHEN THE PHONE RANG.

A VERY FRIENDLY VOICE BROUGHT ME BACK FROM THE EDGE. IT WAS THE EDITOR OF THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER, WALTER BOWART, CALLING TO TELL ME HOW MUCH THEY ALL LOVED MY CARTOONS OVER THERE, WHAT A BRILLIANT TALENT I WAS AND ALL LIKE THAT. WE TALKED FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS ON THE PHONE AND I FELT INFINITELY BETTER. WALTER, I'LL ALWAYS BE GRATEFUL. GOD LOVE YA!

I RETURNED TO SAN FRANCISCO AND IMMEDIATELY WENT TO WORK ON THE FIRST ISSUE OF ZAP COMIX. NUMBER ONE WAS PUBLISHED IN FEBRUARY OF 1968, AND BY THE FALL OF THAT YEAR I WAS ALREADY A MINOR CULT HERO. THAT'S WHEN THINGS REALLY STARTED TO GO ASS-OVER-TEA KETTLE. BUT I WON'T GET INTO ALL THAT CRAP HERE. ANYWAY IT WAS AFTER ALL THE STUFF IN THIS HEAD COMIX BOOK WAS DONE. THIS IS STILL THE INNOCENT PERIOD HERE.. FAME ABRUPTLY ENDED THIS PHASE, AND MY LIFE TURNED INTO SOMETHING QUITE DIFFERENT FROM THEN ON. IT GOT VERY CONFUSING. I WAS STILL ONLY 25 YEARS OLD WHEN FAME CAME TO ME. AND THE 'SEVENTIES LAY AHEAD YET ... OY, THE 'SEVENTIES...DON'T ASK ME ABOUT THAT FUCKING DECADE. I STILL HAVEN'T SORTED IT OUT YET. SOME DAY I'M GONNA WRITE A BOOK! IT ALL PILED ON ME SO THICK AND FAST THERE FROM '68 ON THROUGH THE MID-'SEVENTIES...THE PRAISE, THE GLORY, THE ATTENTION... THE PESTS! CONSTANT PESTS! THE MONEY! THE ENDLESS SQUABBLES ABOUT THE MONEY! THE BATTLE OVER THE OWNERSHIP OF "KEEP ON TRUCKIN'"; THE BATTLE WITH THE J.R.S., THE BATTLE WITH THE WOMEN, NOT TO MENTION THE BATTLE OF TRYING TO GET SOME ARTWORK DONE! HEY, I SURVIVED! I'M STILL IN ONE PIECE! I'M HERE TO TELL ABOUT IT! BIG DEAL! I GOT A LOVELY WIFE AND DAUGHTER, AND I'M INTO MY WORK! I'M A LUCKY GUY.

~~~ WINTERS, CALIF.  
SEPTEMBER, '87







*R. Crumb's*  
**HEAD COMIX**





# DEFINITELY A CASE OF DERANGE- MENT!

MY WIFE CRINGES  
IN A CORNER WHILE I  
STALK THE HOUSE,  
A RAVING LUNATIC!



FROM THE BEDROOM CLOSET  
I OPERATE A HUGE NETWORK  
OF RADIOS, SENDING OUT  
INCANTATIONS, CURSES, VOO DOO  
HOODOO!



I'VE BEEN CALLED AN EVIL  
GENIUS BY CITIES OF ASS-  
HOLES... BUT I KNOW WHO  
THESE PEOPLE ARE! AND  
THEY'RE ON MY LIST!



THE TRUTH IS, I'M ONE OF  
THE WORLD'S LAST GREAT  
MEDIEVAL THINKERS!



YOU MIGHT SAY I'M A MAD  
SCIENTIST, FOR MY PLANS  
HAVE ALL BEEN WORKED  
OUT QUITE METHODICALLY...  
LOGICALLY... BUT THE ENDS  
JUSTIFY THE MEANS... HEH HEH...



THIS COMIC BOOK IS  
PART OF THAT PLAN...BUT  
YOU'VE READ TOO MUCH  
ALREADY...I HAVE YOU  
RIGHT WHERE I WANT  
YOU....

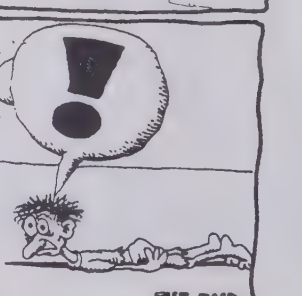
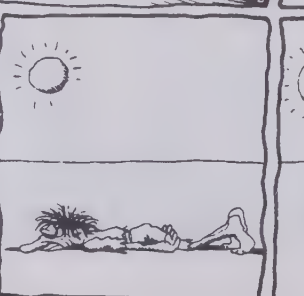
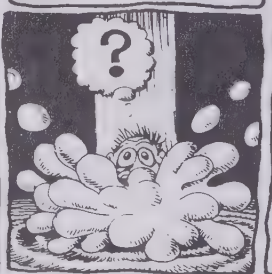
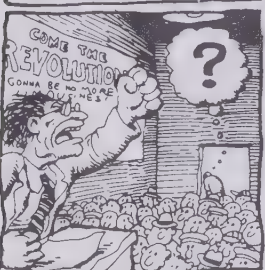
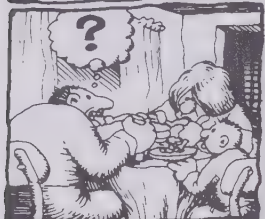
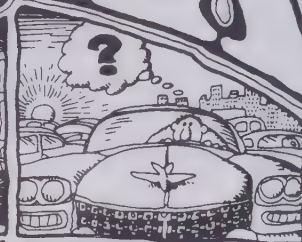
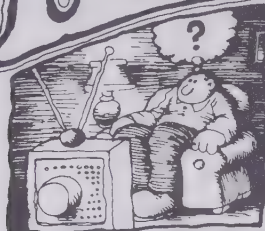


SO, KITCHEE-KOO,  
YOU BASTARDS!





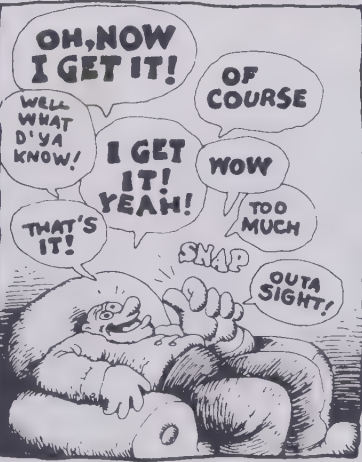
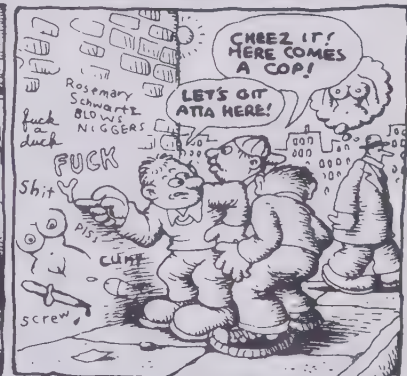
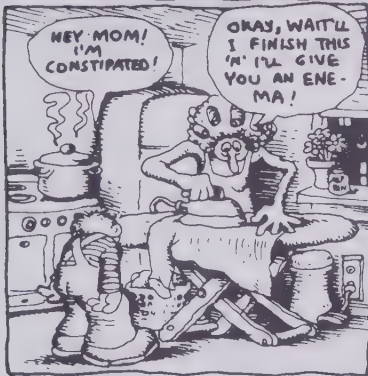
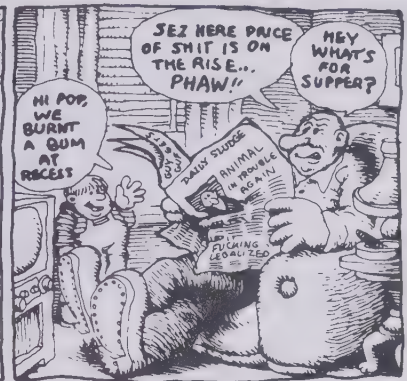
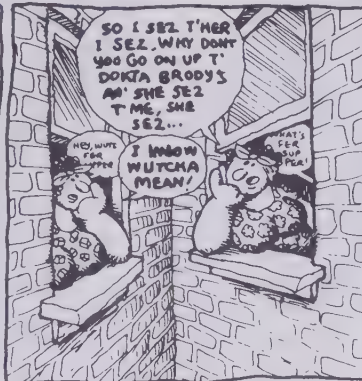
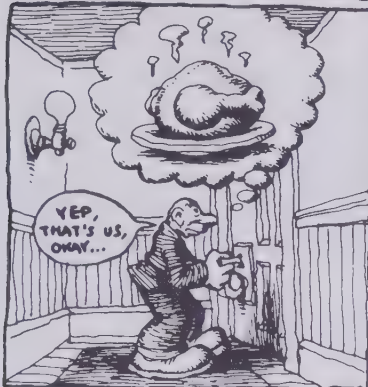
# ! DEAD COMIX



THE END



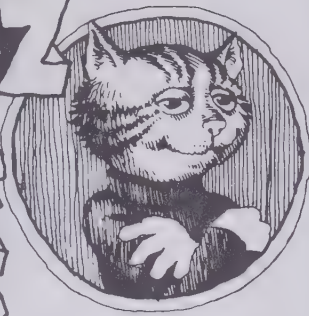
# LIFE AMONG THE CONSTIPATED



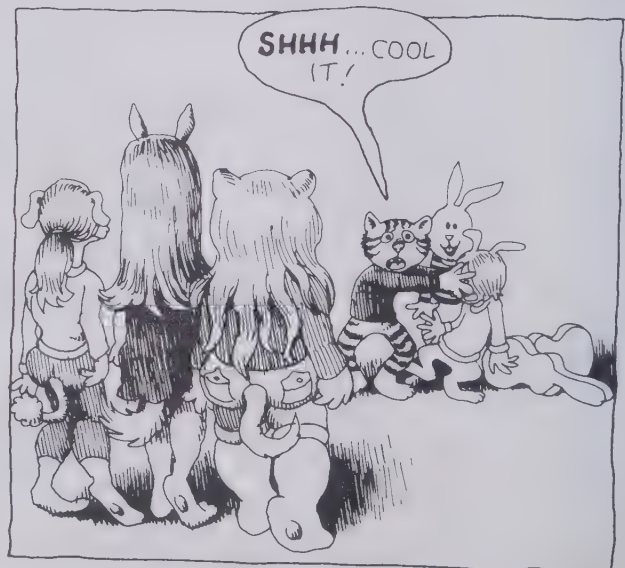
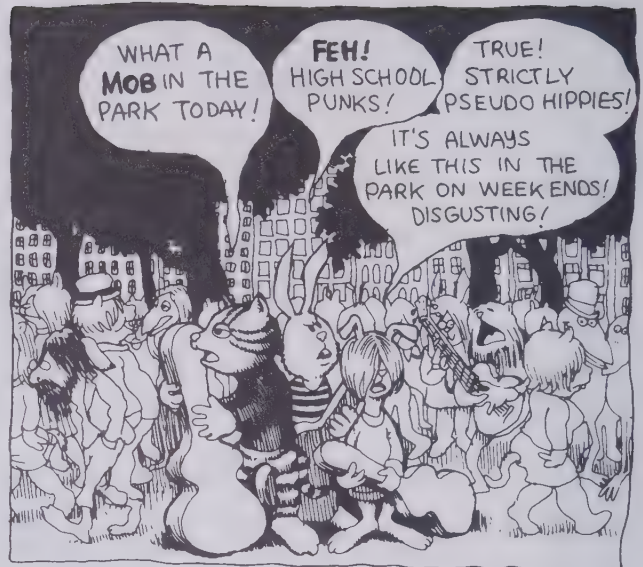
EXCEPT FOR THESE GUYS!!

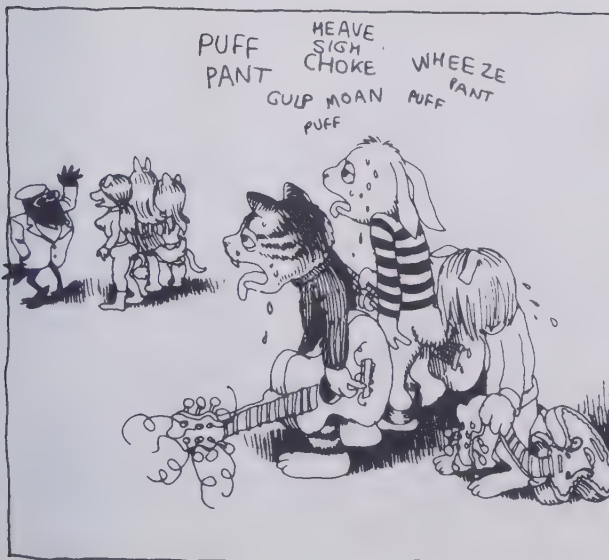
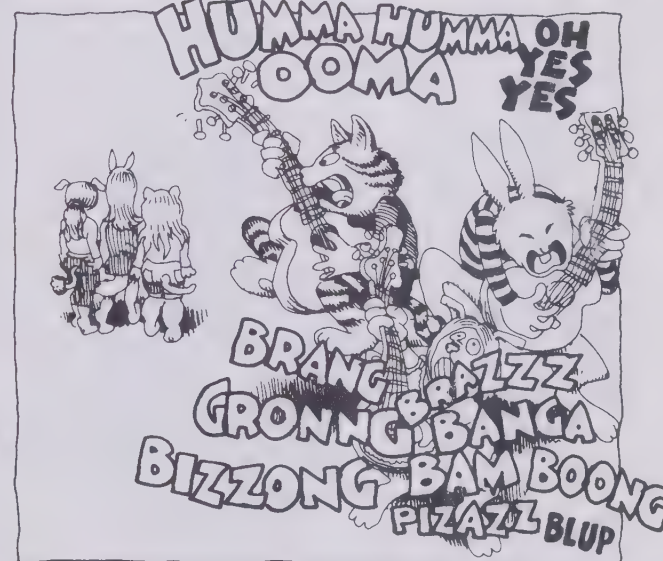


# Fritz the cat

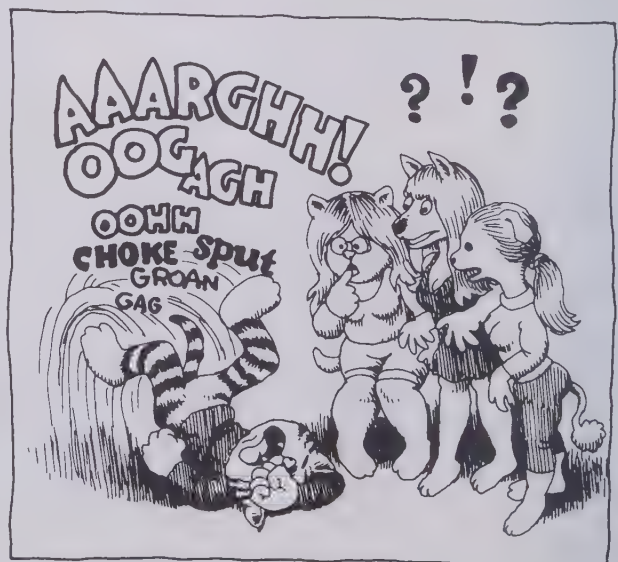
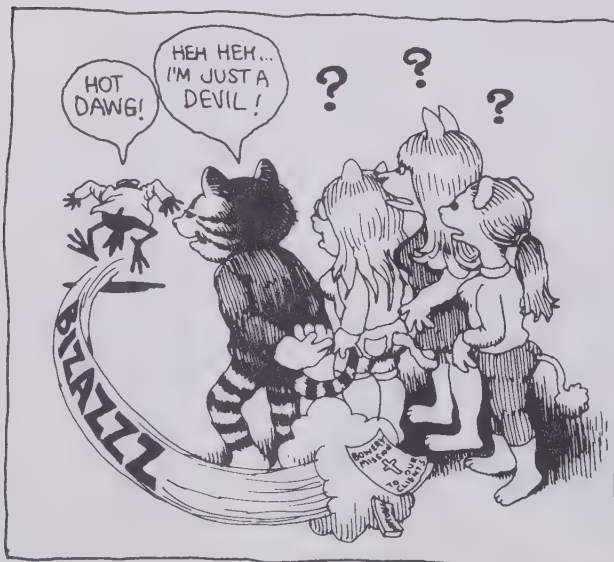


Fritz is a sophisticated, up-to-the-minute young feline college student who lives in a modern "supercity" of millions of animals... YES, NOT UNLIKE PEOPLE IN THEIR MANNERS AND MORALS....

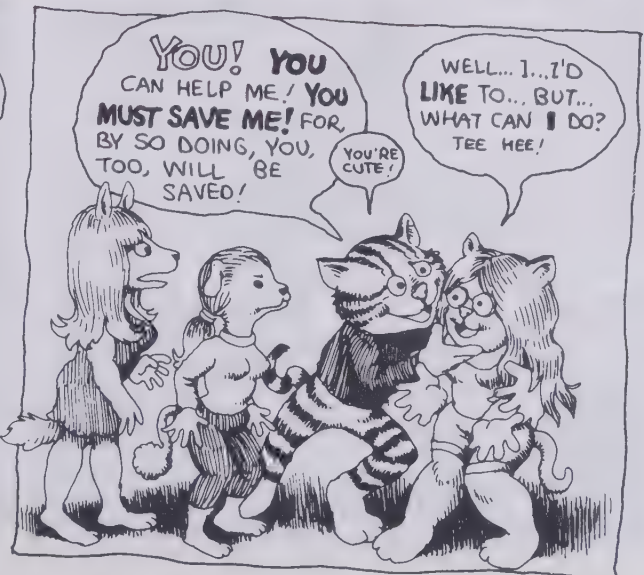
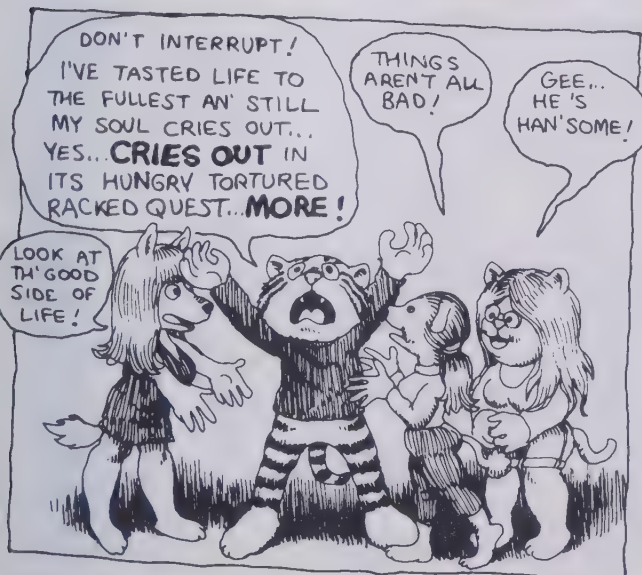
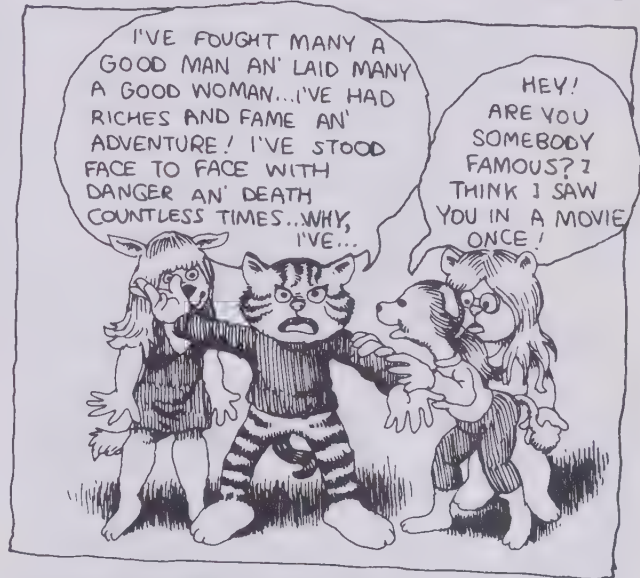
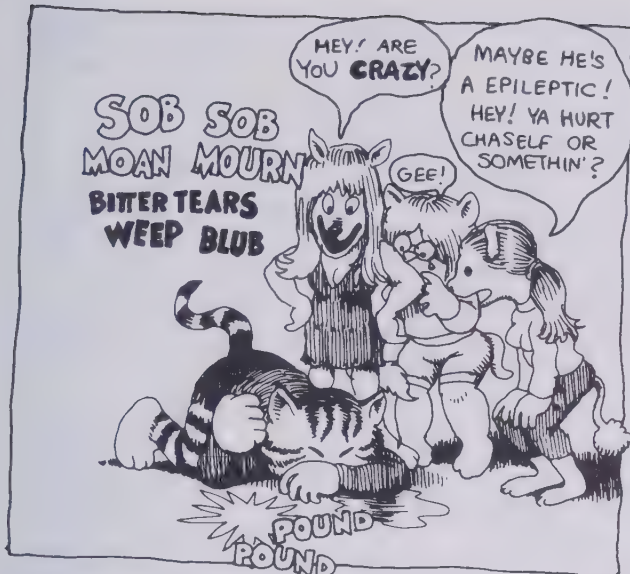




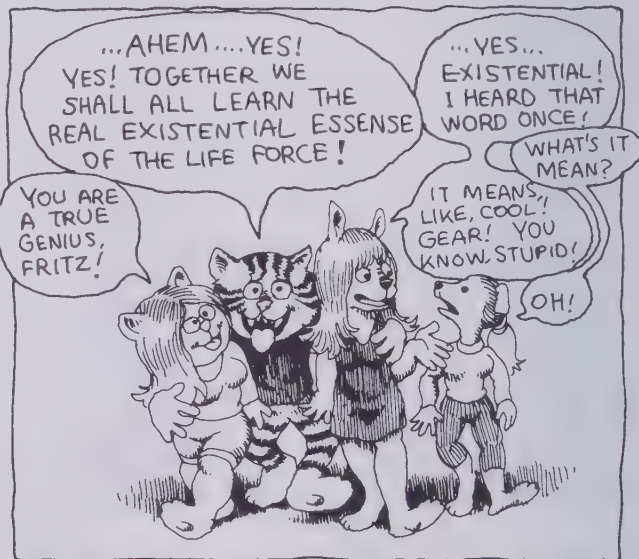




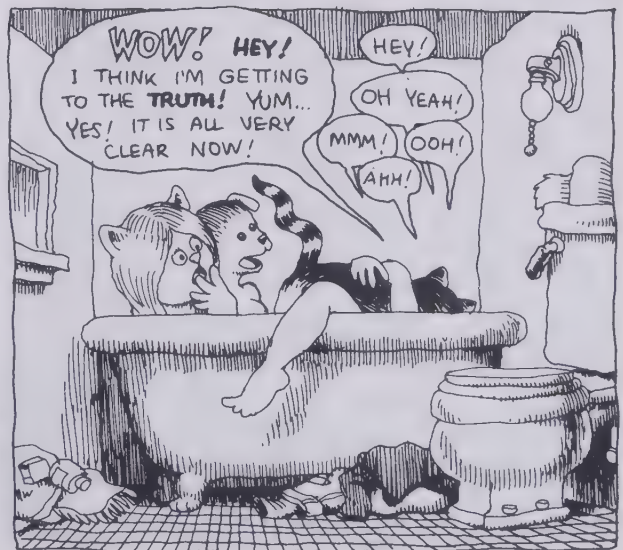
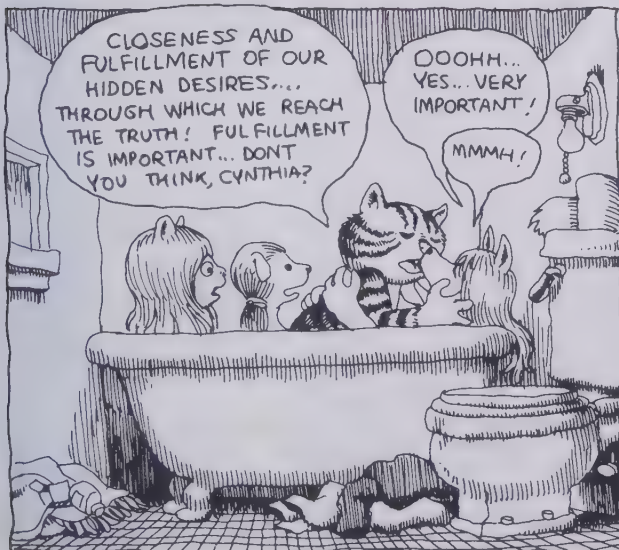
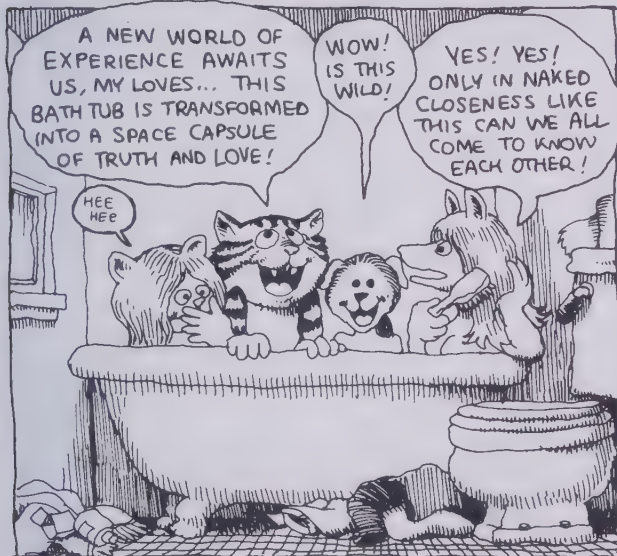




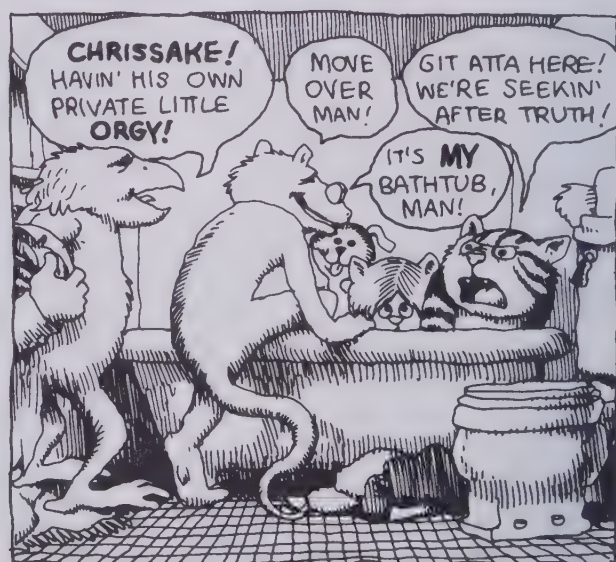
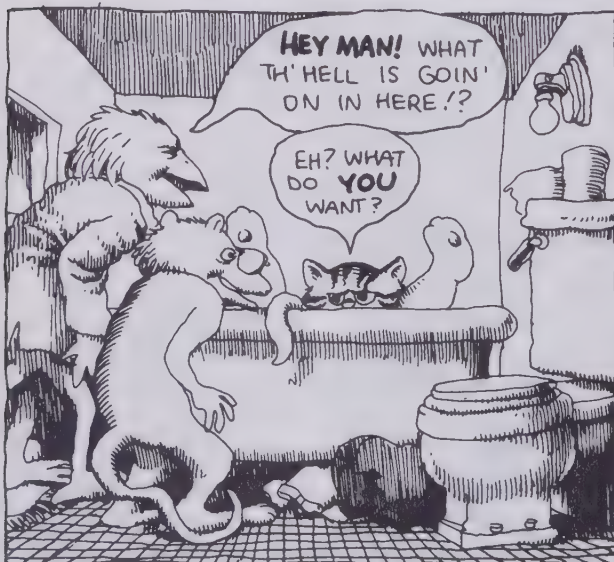
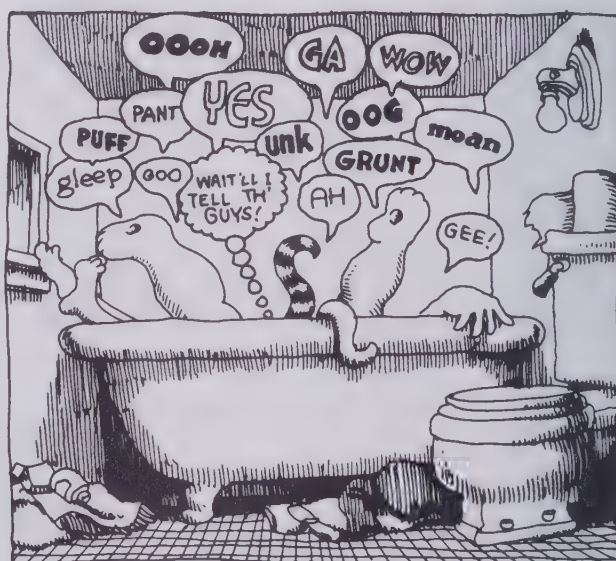
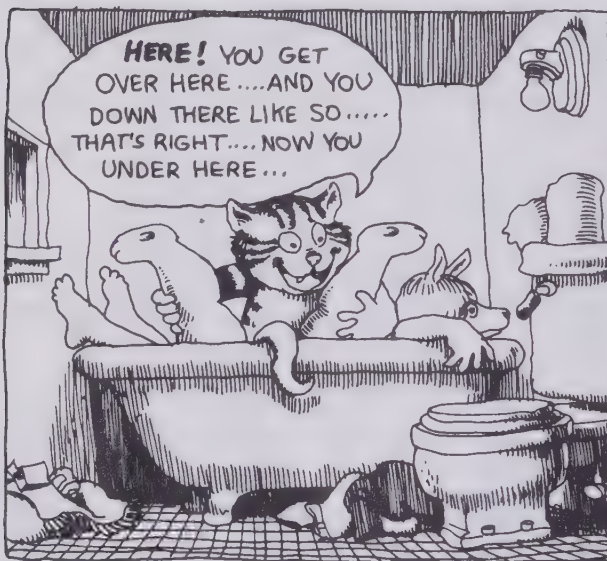
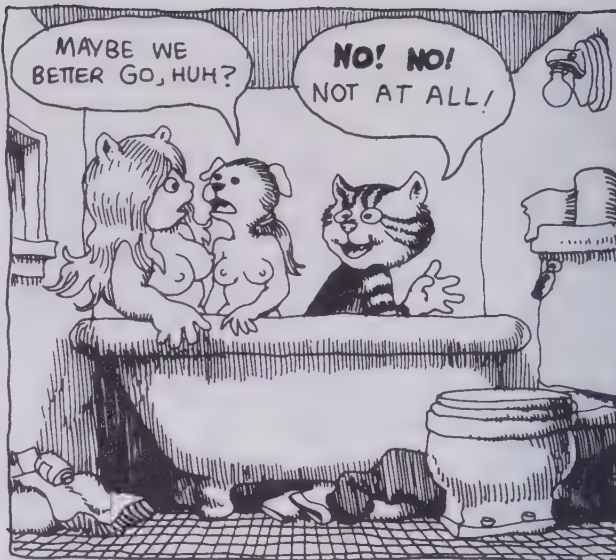
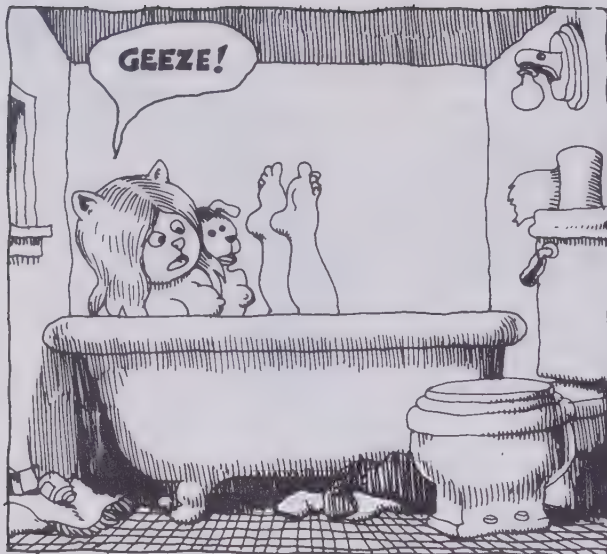




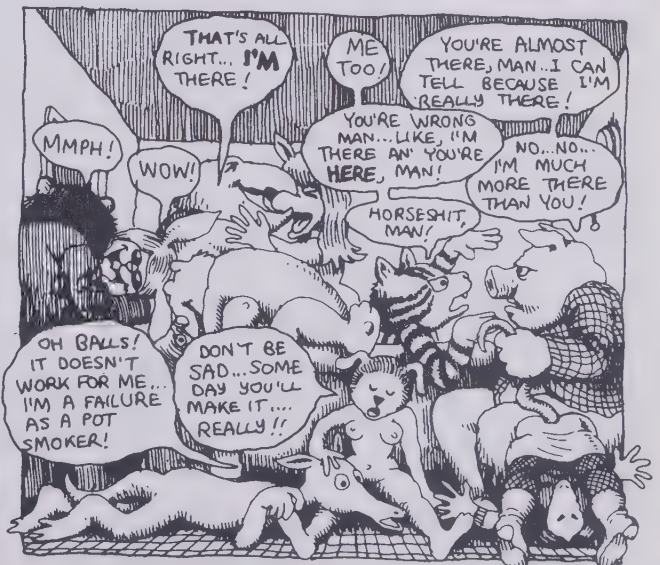
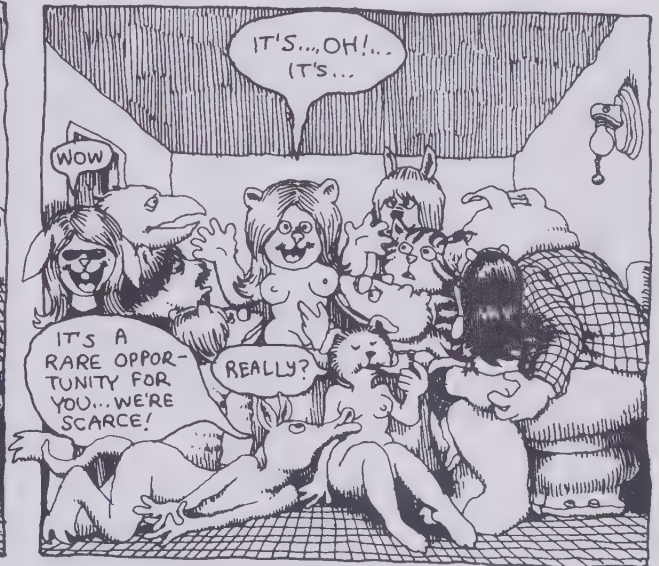
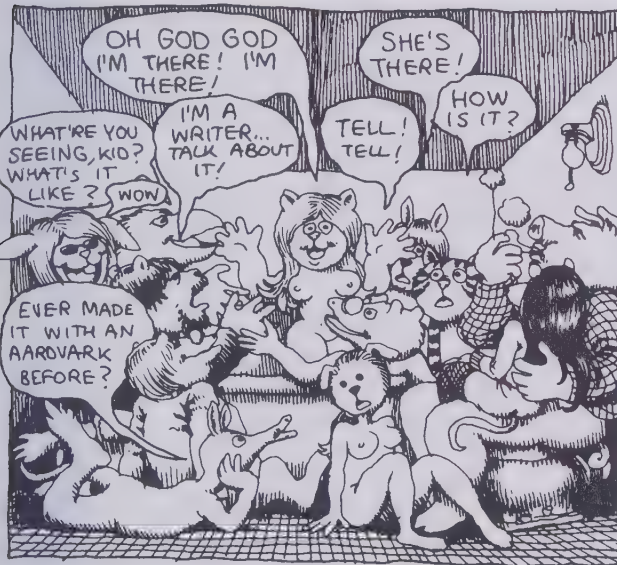
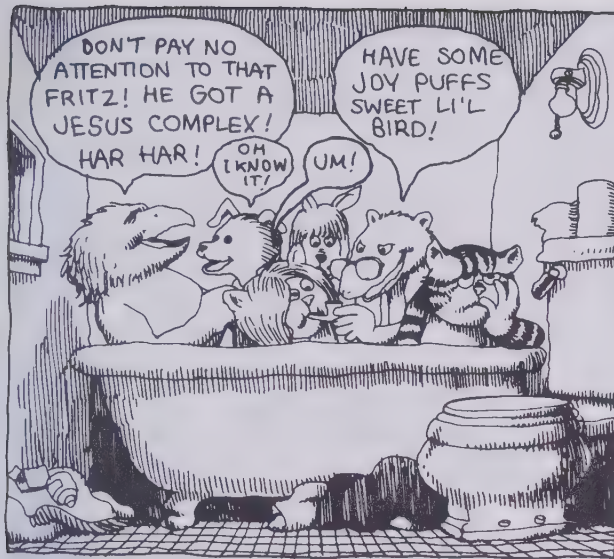




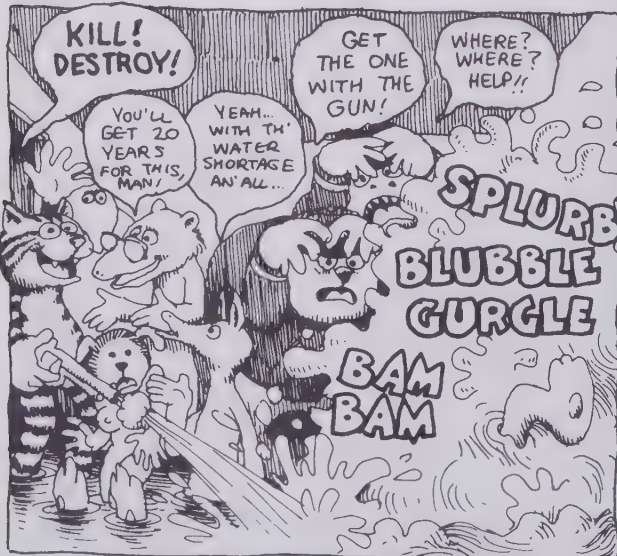
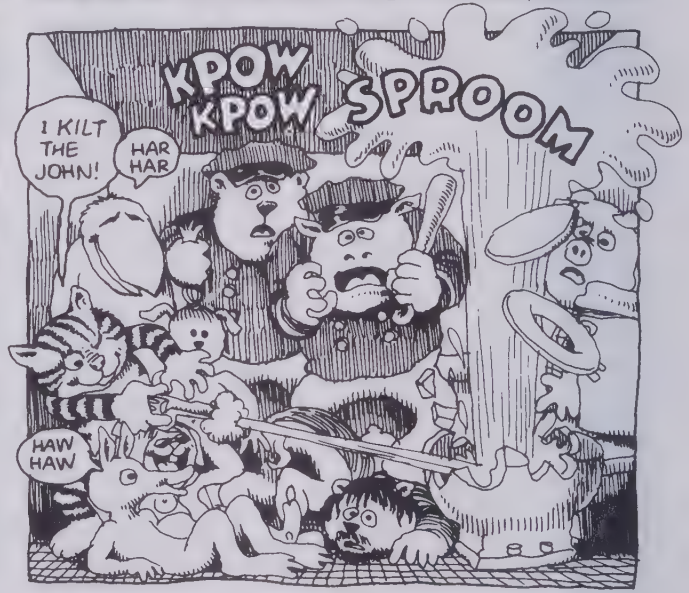
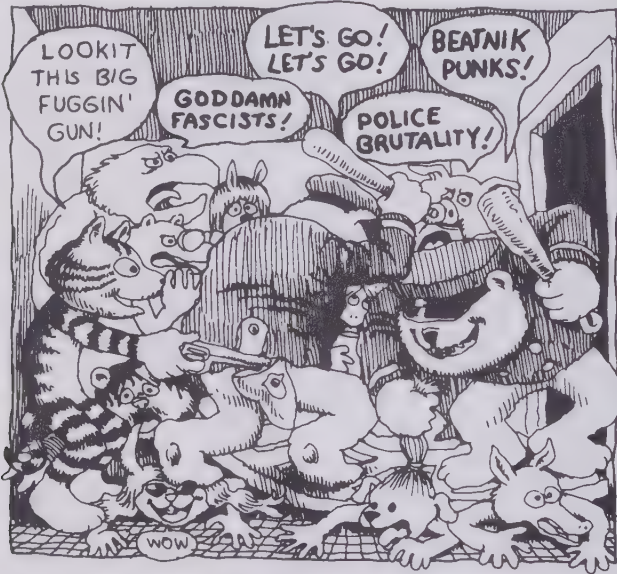
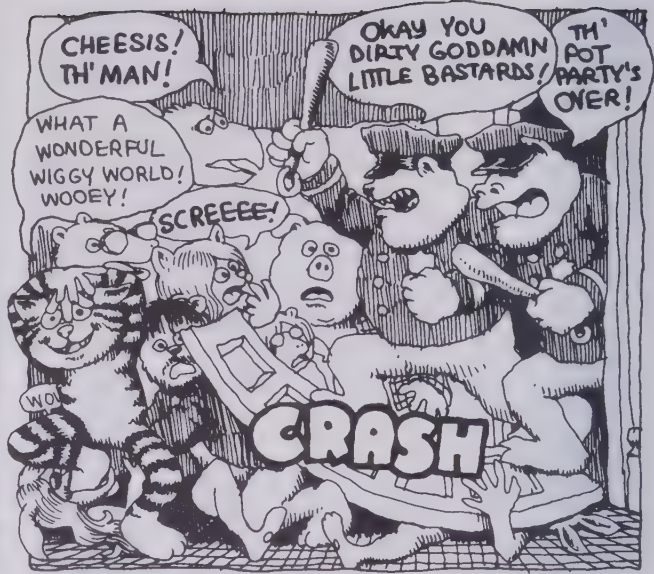
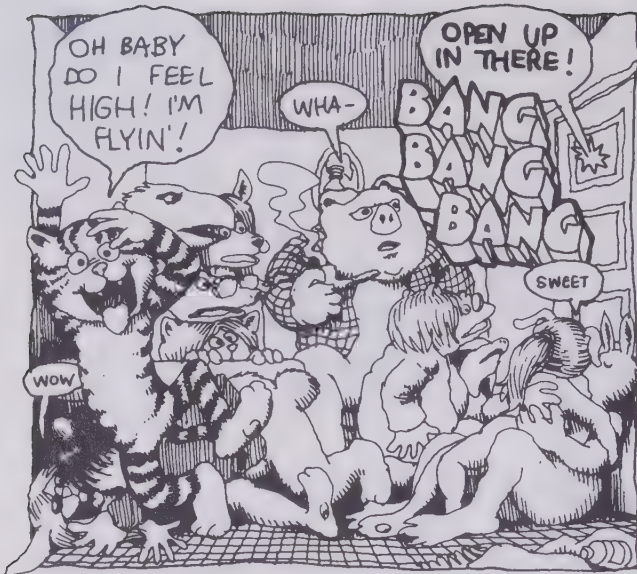




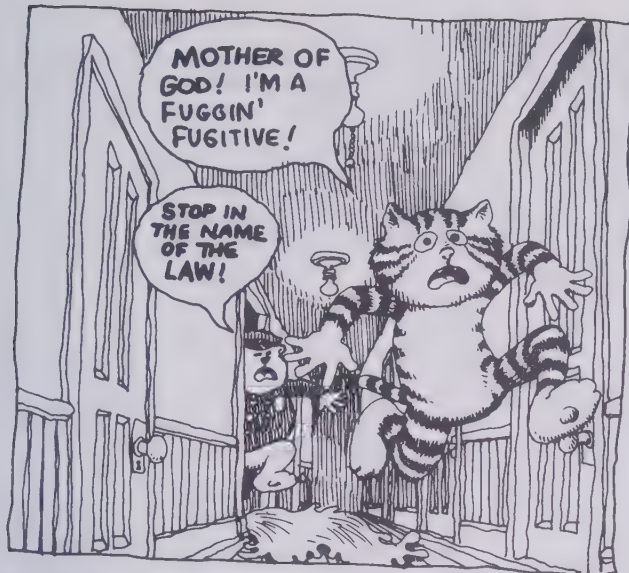








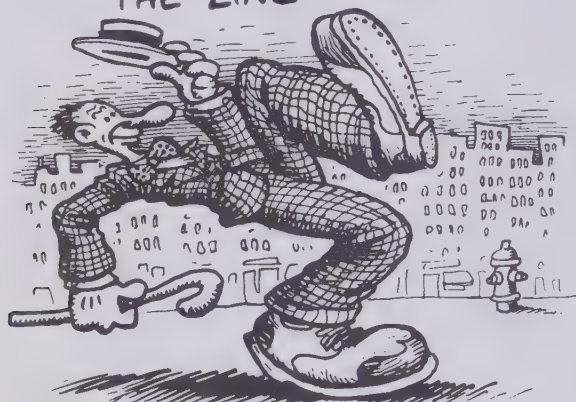




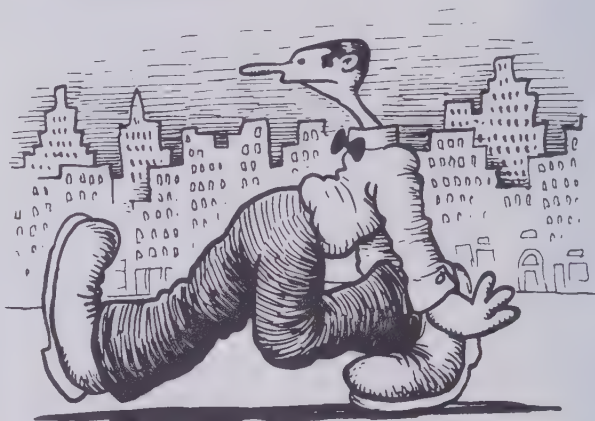
# Keep on Truckin'...



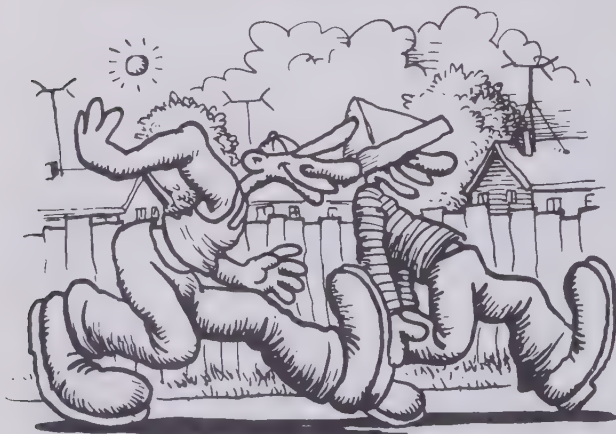
TRUCKIN' ON DOWN  
THE LINE...



HEY HEY HEY...



I SAID KEEP ON TRUCKIN'...



TRUCKIN' MY BLUES AWAY!





# Schuman the Human

BETER KNOWN AS "BALDY"  
HE GOES FORTH WITH HIS  
FINE MIND TO FIND  
GOD! AND BELIEVE  
ME, HE TOOK ALONG A  
LUNCH!

AFTER MONTHS OF  
INTRIGUE, I BELIEVE  
I FINALLY HAVE A  
HOT LEAD!



THERE ARE THOSE  
WHO CONSIDER ME  
UNSTABLE... THE FOOLS!  
THEY ARE NOT AWARE  
OF THE SERIOUSNESS  
OF MY EFFORTS...



...IN FACT, THIS  
COULD BE  
THE NIGHT!



IT'S TEN  
AFTER TWO...  
HMM...

A PROWL  
CAR... I  
HOPE THEY-



# AHEM!



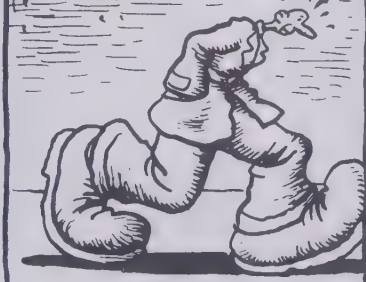
GULP!



ER...UH...  
HEH HEH

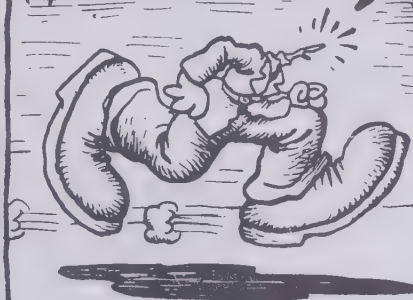


NEVER  
MIND...

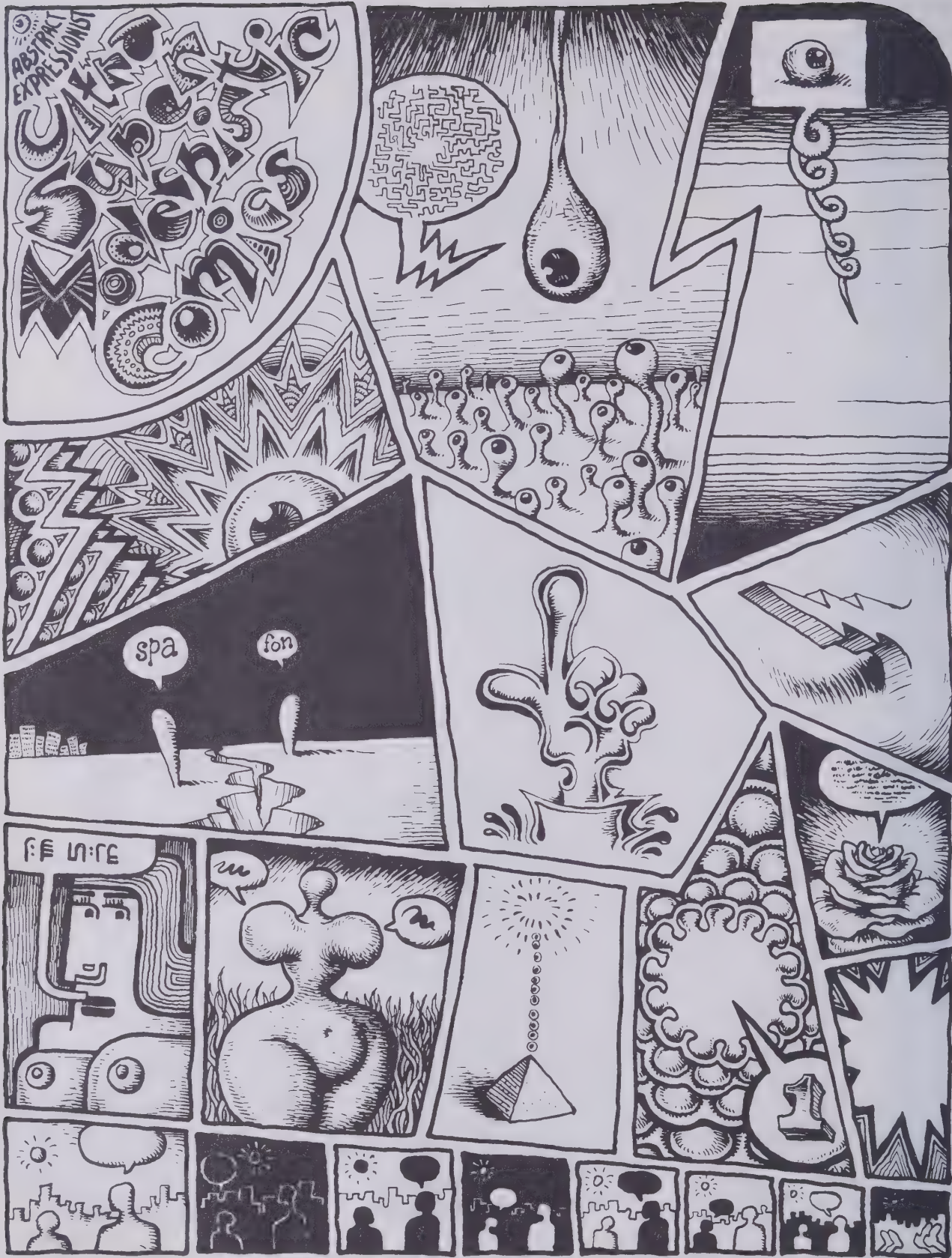


WELL, THAT'S  
SHOWBIZ!

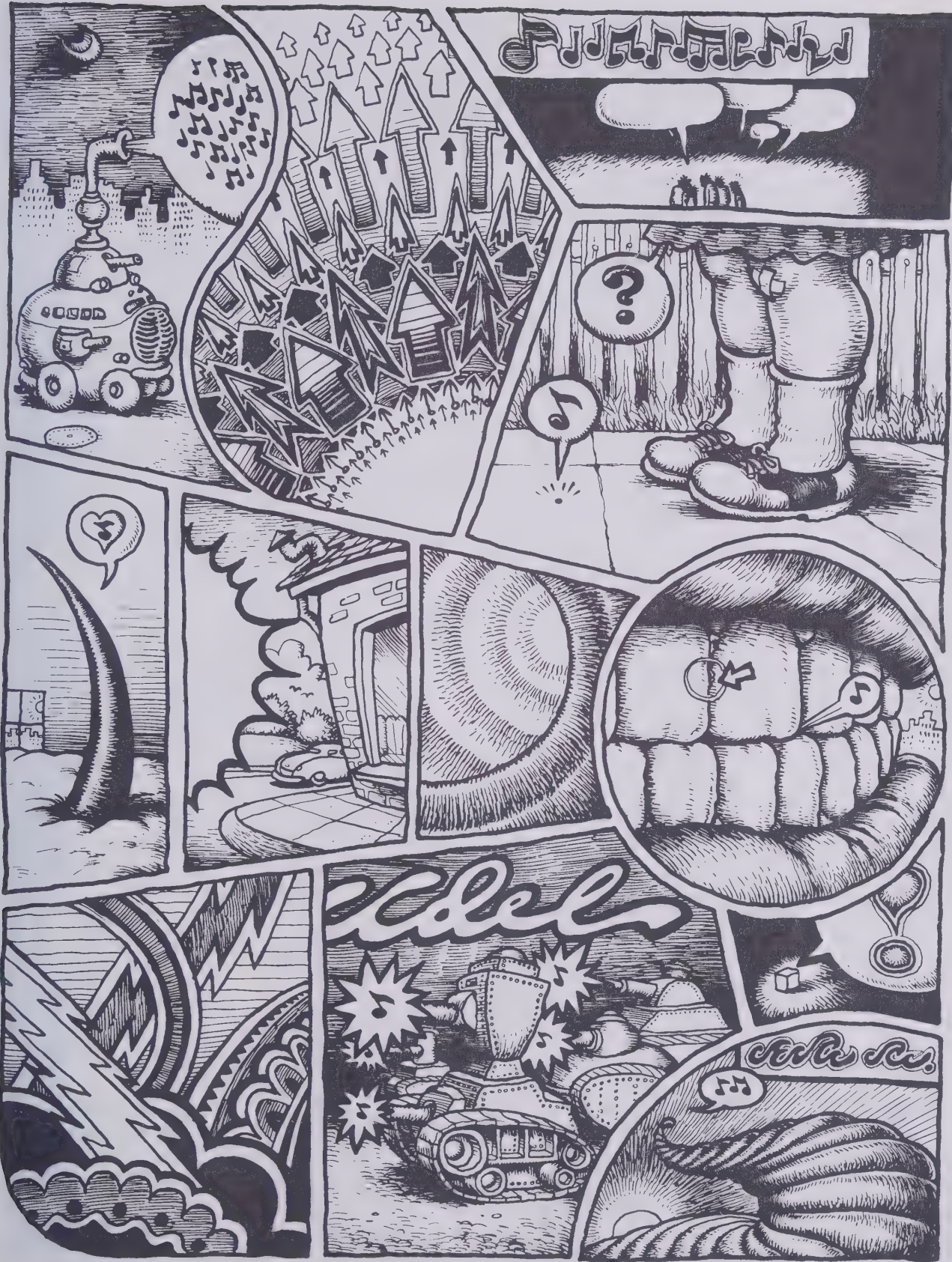
SHEEE!







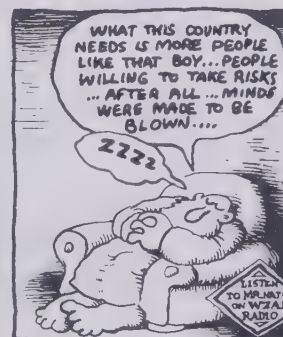
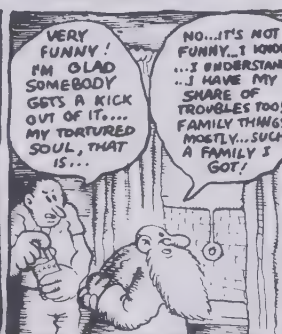
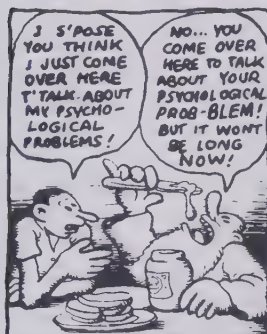
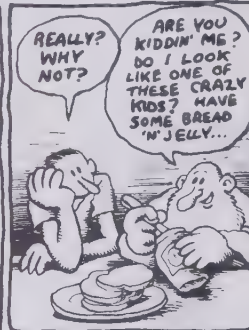
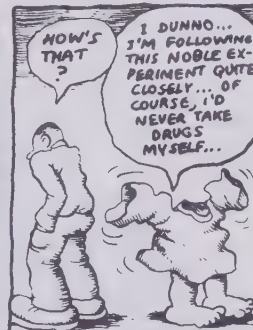
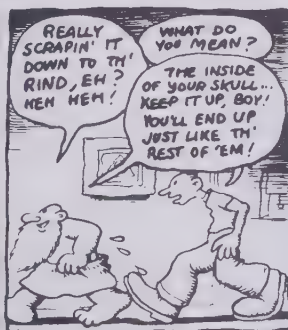






[illegible]

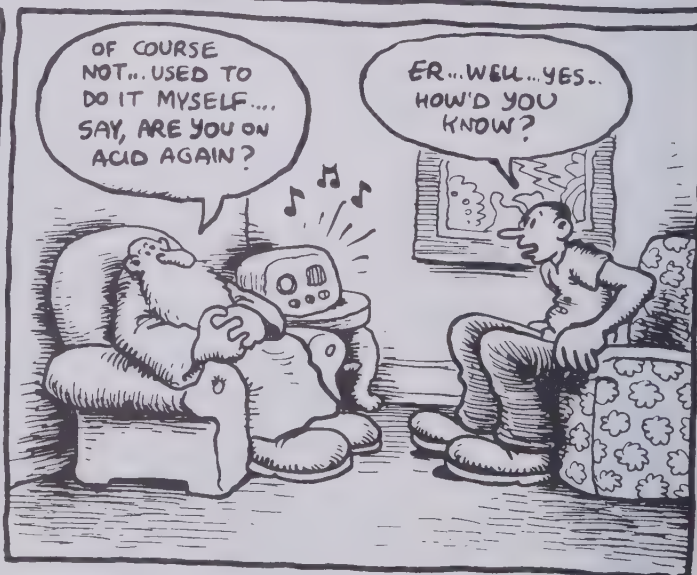
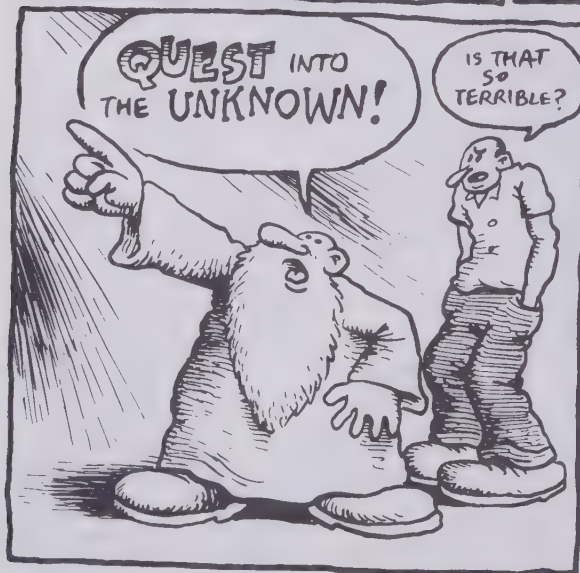
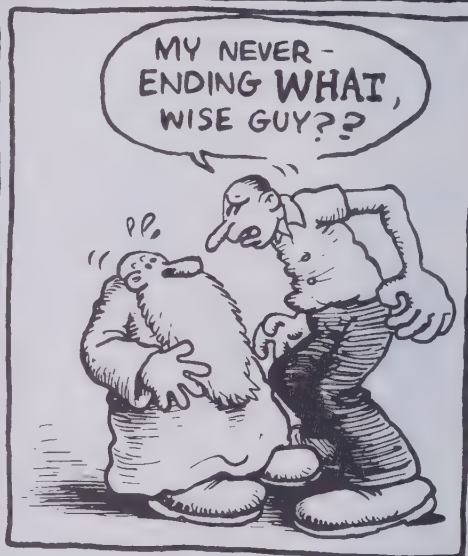
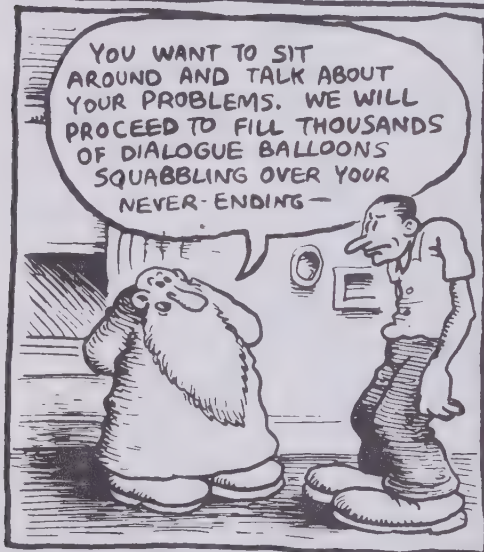
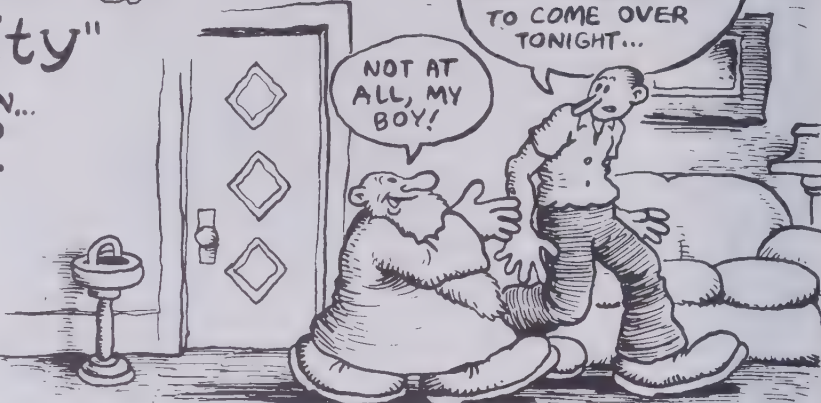




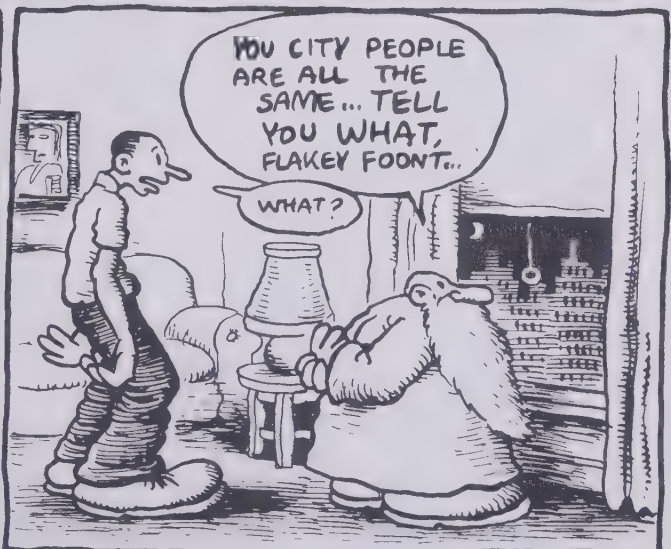
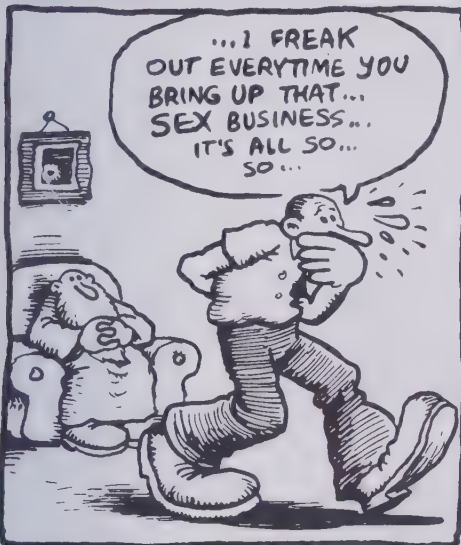
# Mr. Natural

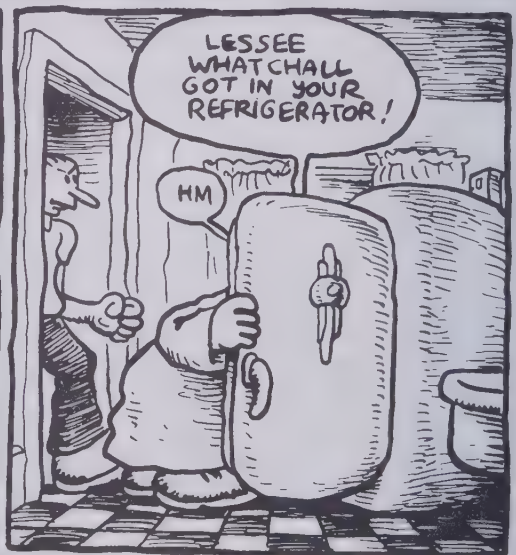
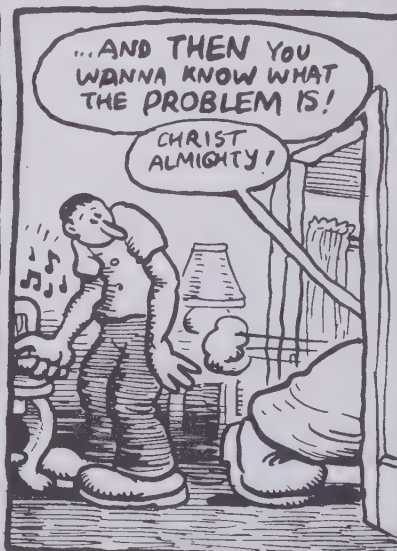
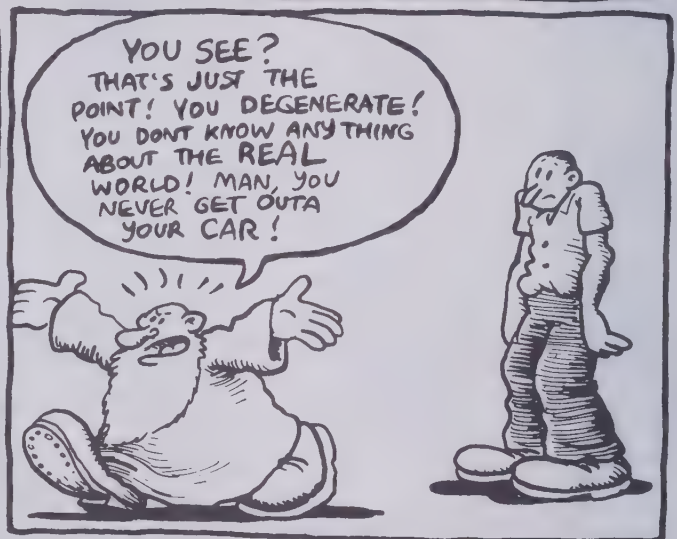
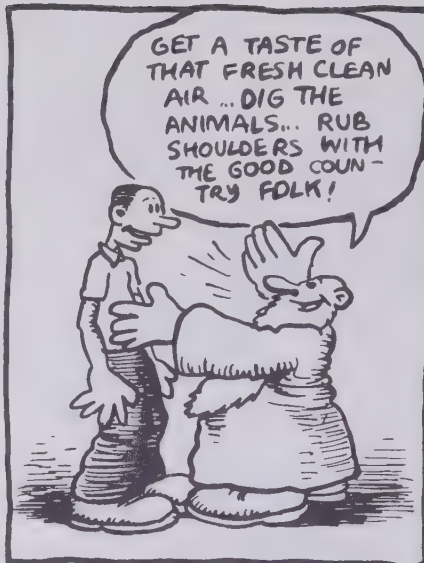
## "visits the city"

YES, HE'S BACK IN TOWN...  
JUST TO SEE ALL HIS OLD  
FRIENDS WHO ARE STILL  
AROUND. MAYBE HE'LL  
EVEN DROP IN ON  
YOU!

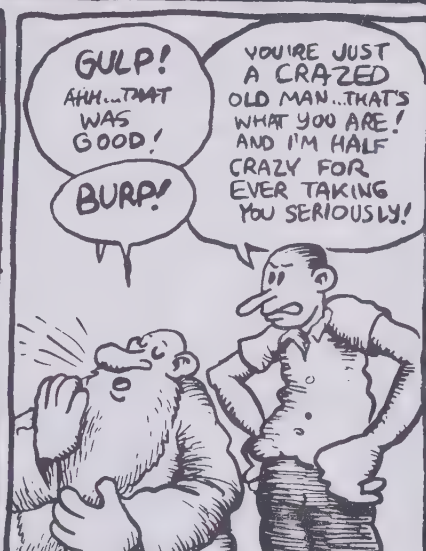
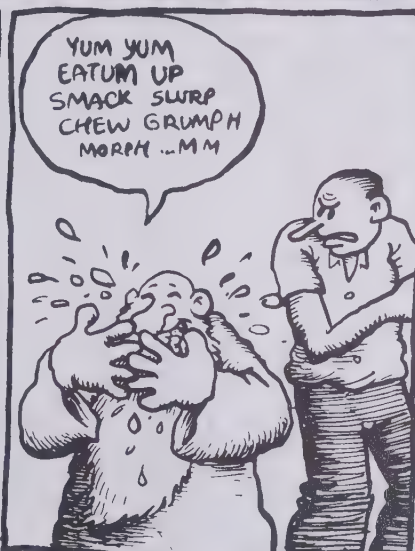
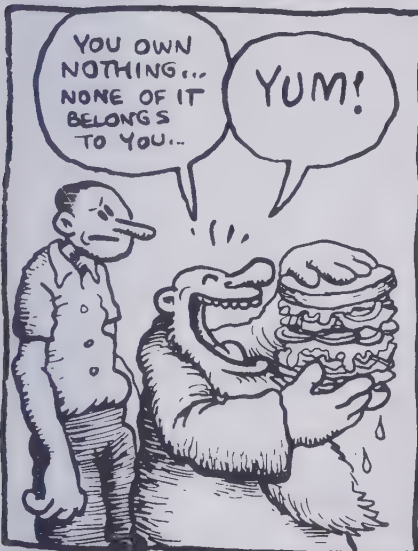
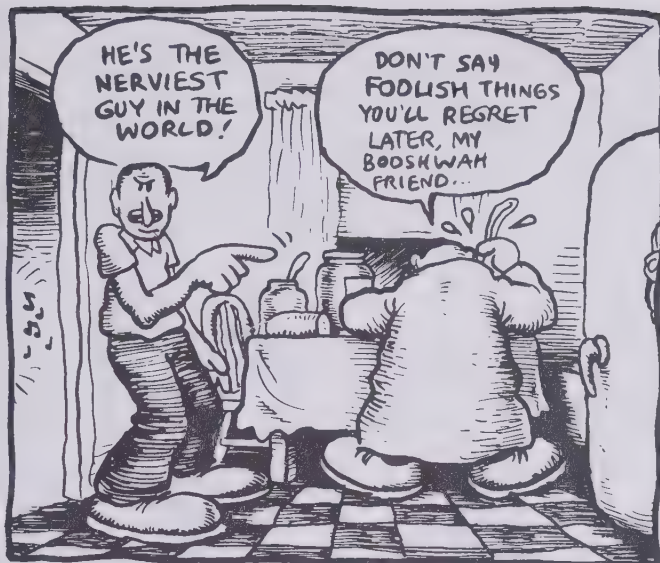
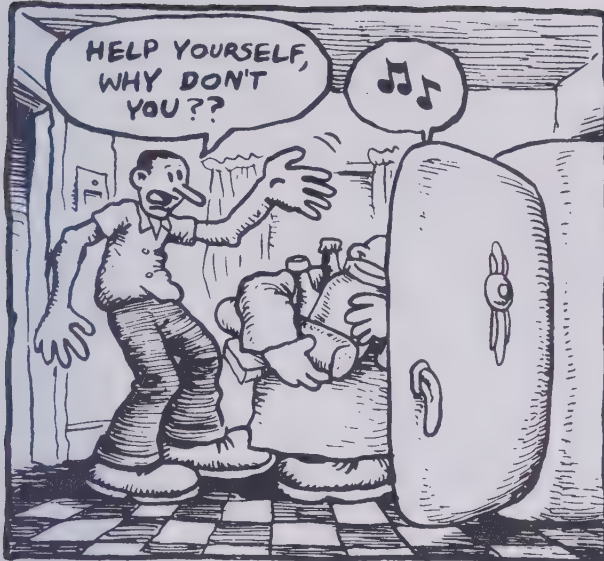


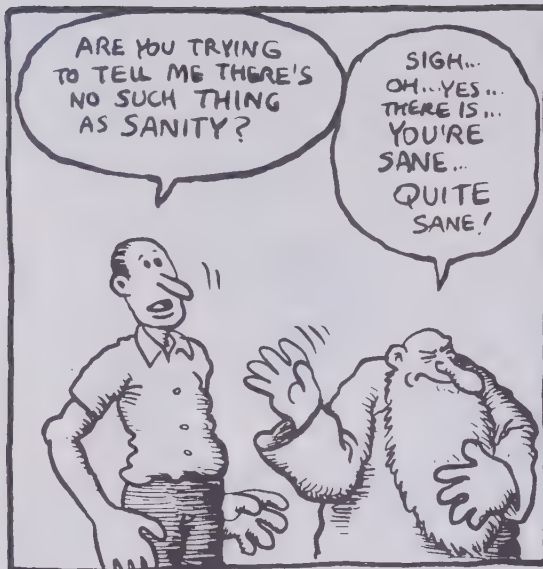




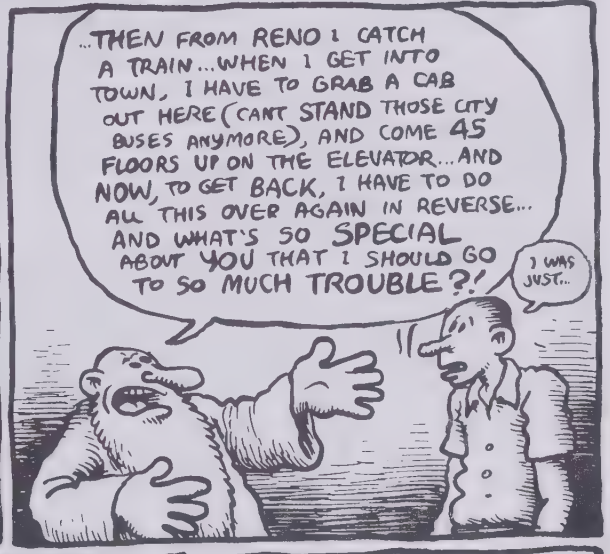
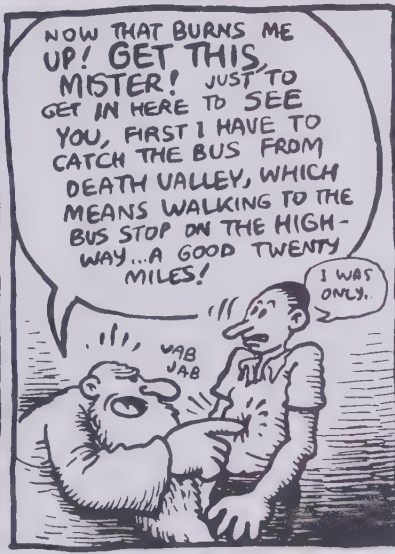










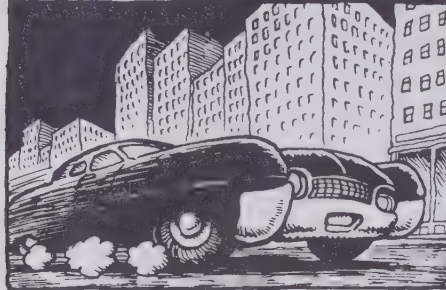




# Mr. Natural meets God

ANOTHER  
R. CRUMB  
LAFF RIOT!

A black sedan speeds through the dark city streets at midnite!

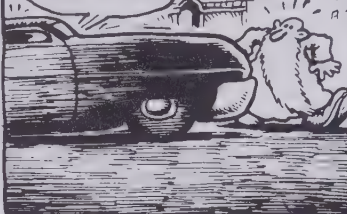


but what has that got to do with Mr. Natural, who is minding his own bizness?

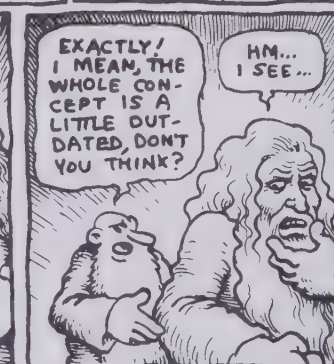
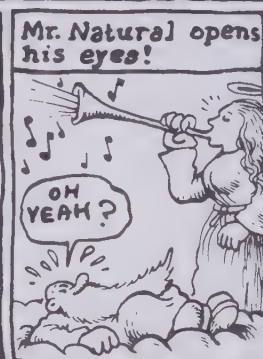
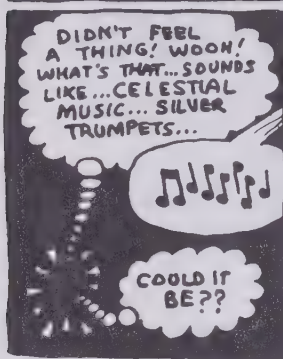
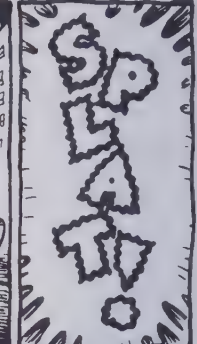


Plenty!

LOOK OUT!



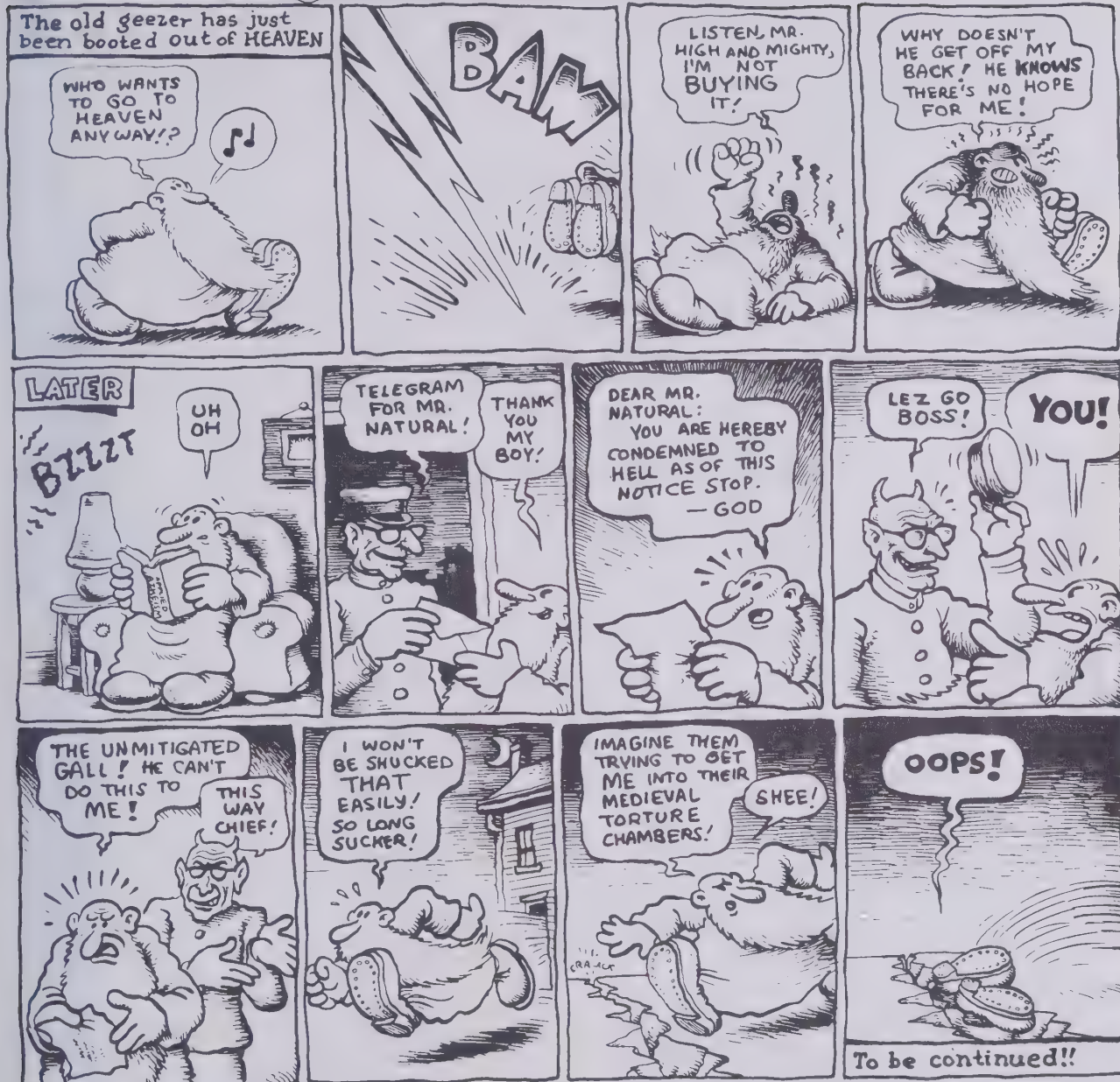
WHAT THE -



To Be Continued



# Mr. Natural gets the bum's rush

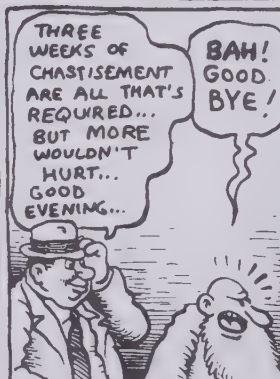
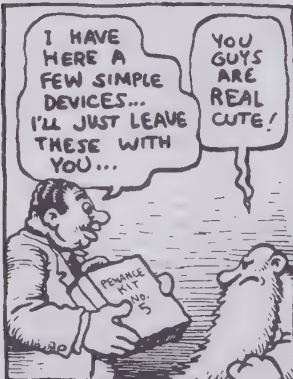


Here's a couple six-second side splitters!

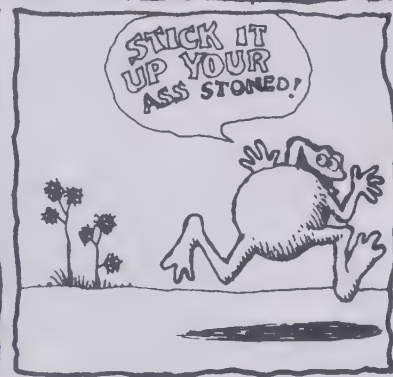
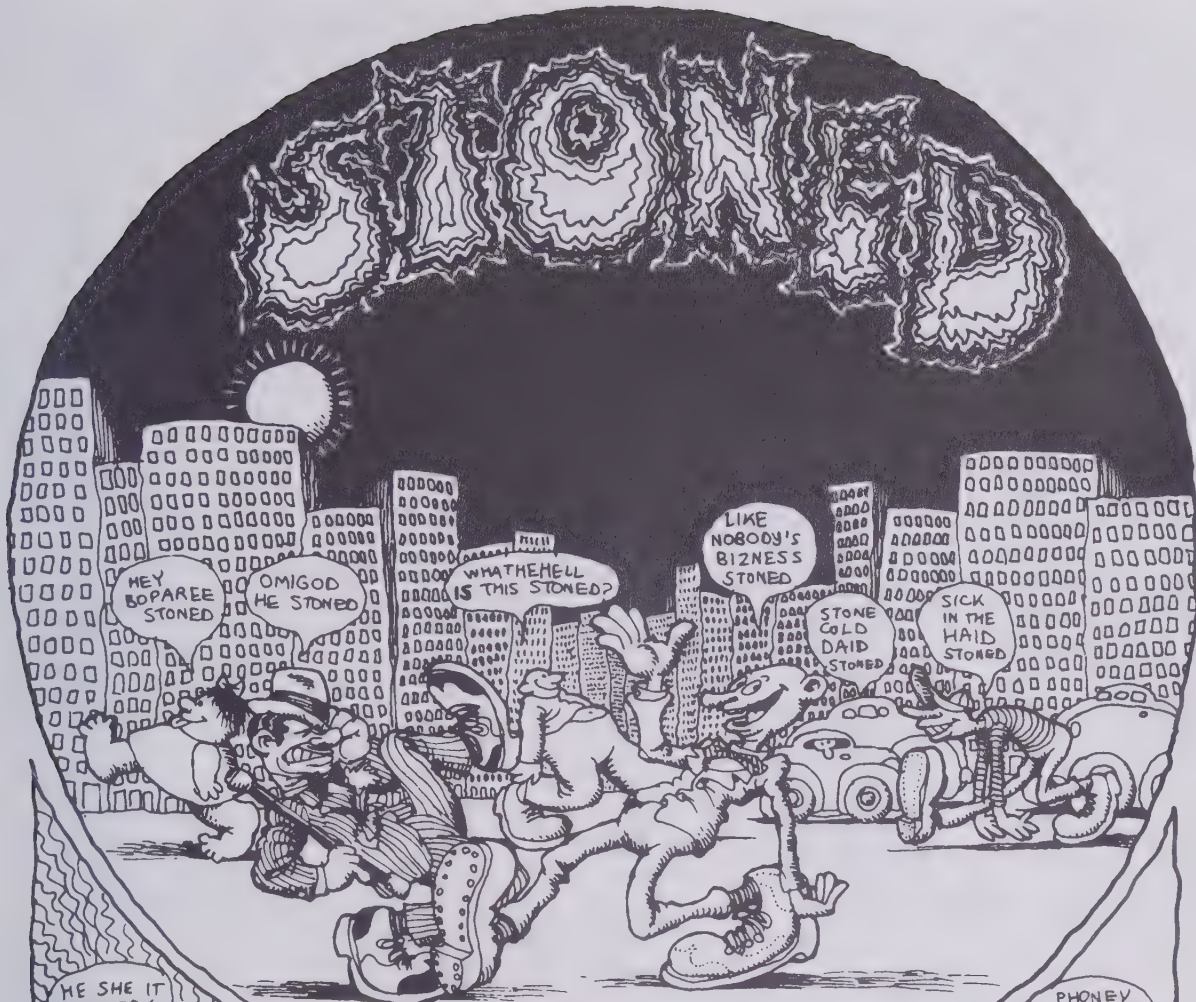


# MR. NATURAL REPENTS

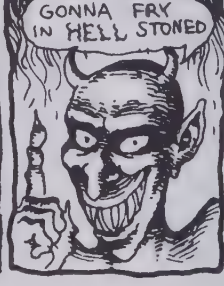
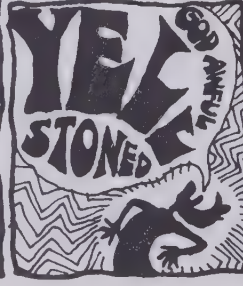
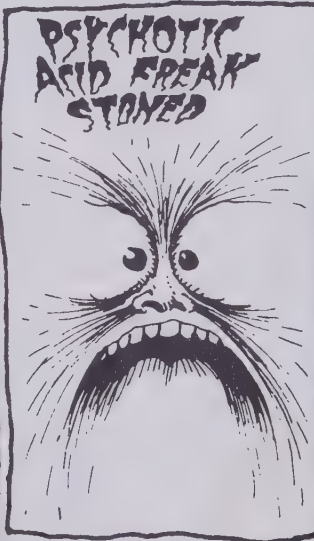
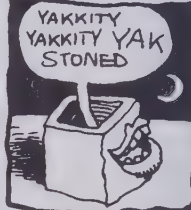
The hot-headed old sage learns that he can't mess around with the man upstairs without paying his dues!



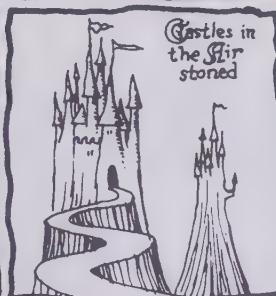
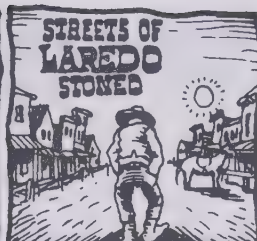
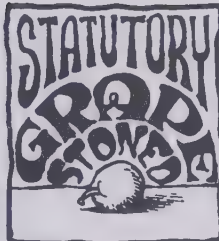














ULTRA SUPER  
COOL STONED

JUS' ANOTHER  
FOOL STONED

SHMUCK  
FROM KEOKUK  
STONED

YA WANNA BUY  
A DUCK  
STONED?

BORED  
LETHARGIC  
DULL STONED

POUNDIN'  
IN MY  
SKULL  
STONED

NUCLEAR HOLOCAUST  
STONED

ALL IS NOT  
LOST STONED

MOST AMAZING  
DOPE STONED

EVERY-  
THING IS  
NOW  
STONED

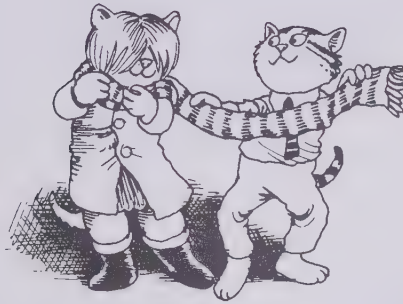
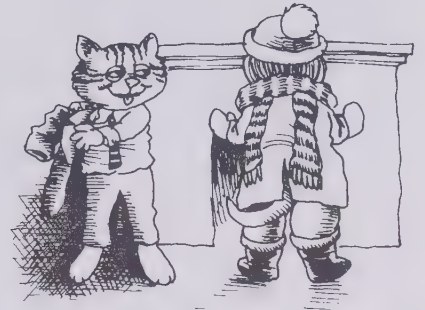
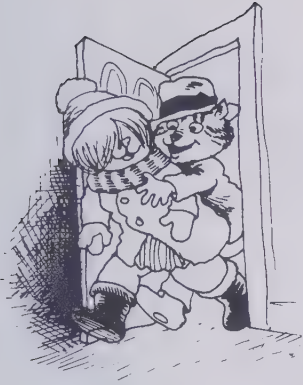
LOOK MA,  
THE POPE  
STONED!

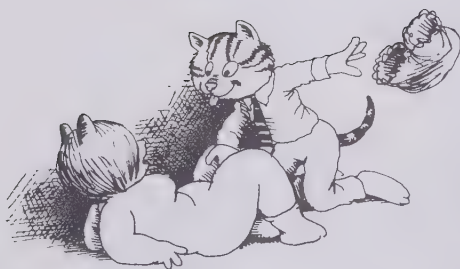
MACRO-COSMIC  
EVER-FLOWING  
LOVE-LITE

STONED



FRITZ THE CAT *in*  
"FRITZ COMES ON STRONG"

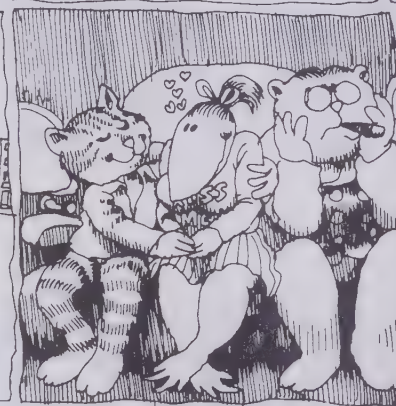
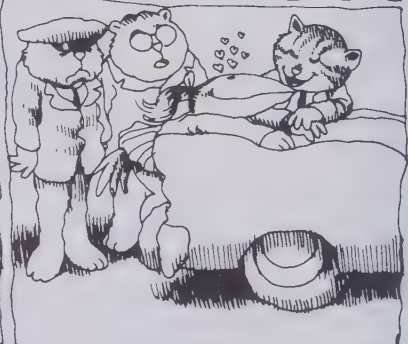
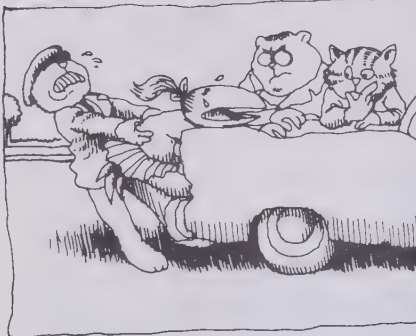
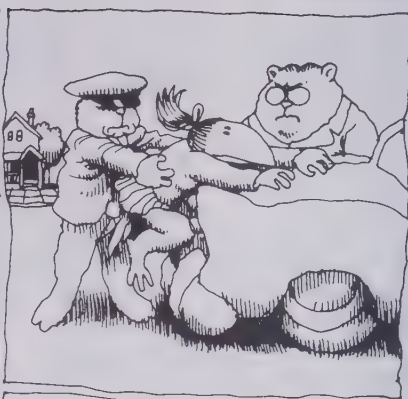
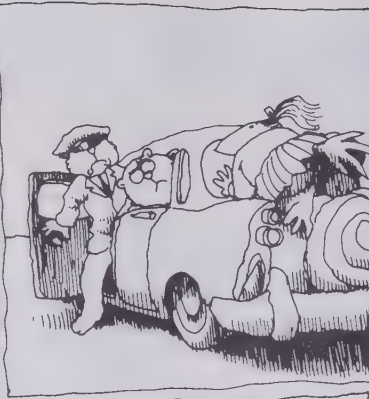
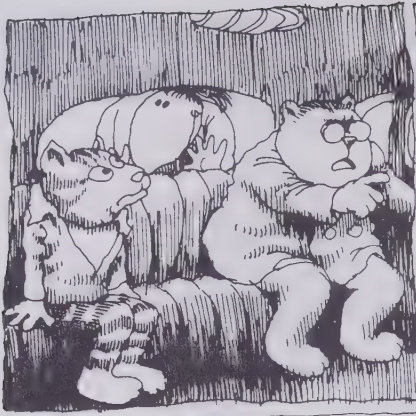






# fred the teen-age girl pigeon

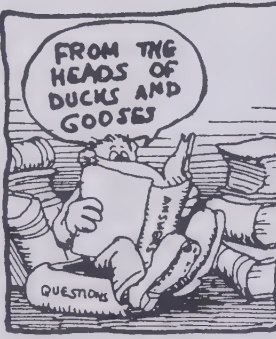
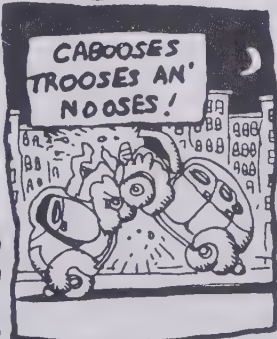
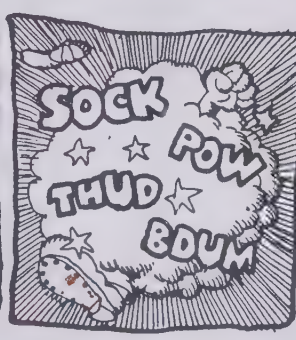
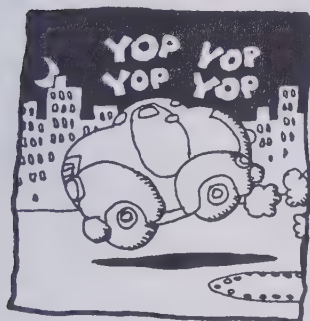




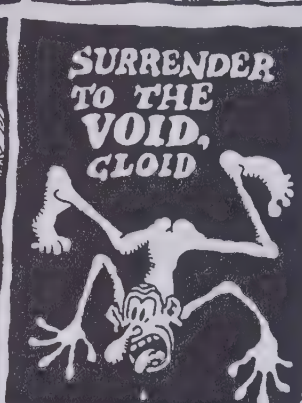
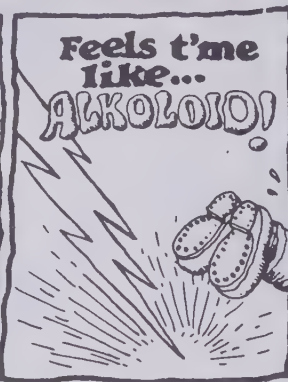
R. CRUMB



# HEY BOPAREE BOP



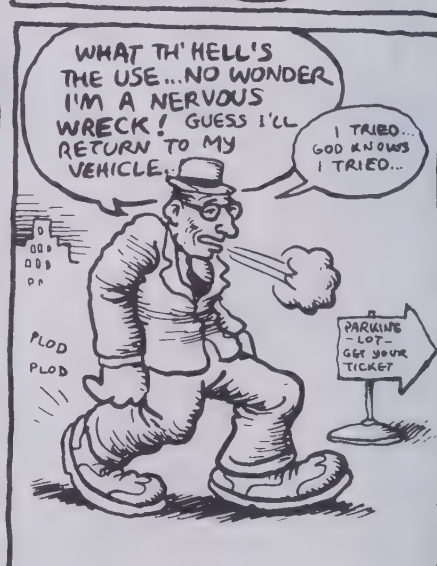
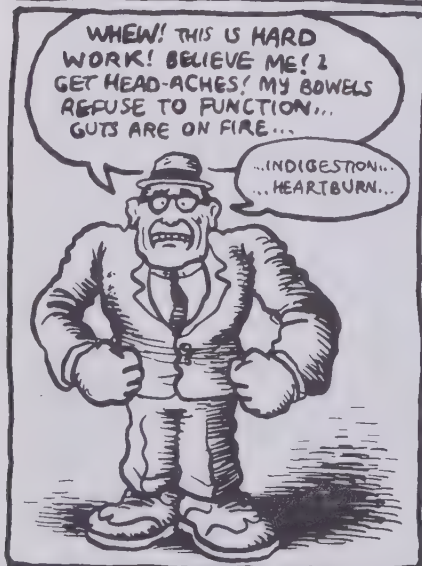
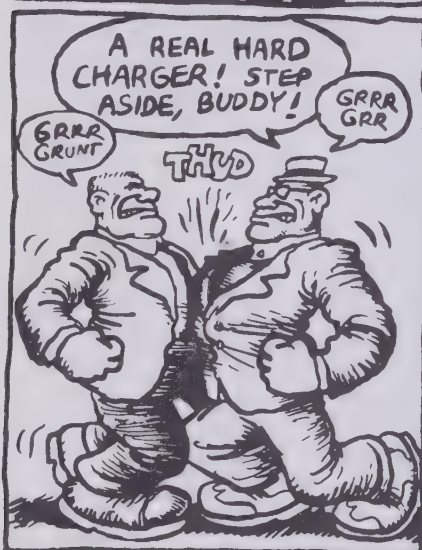
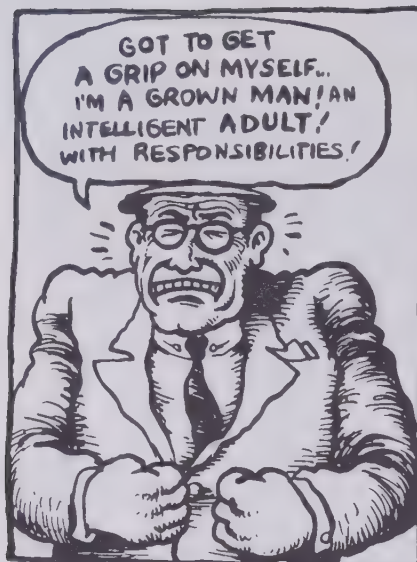




THE END



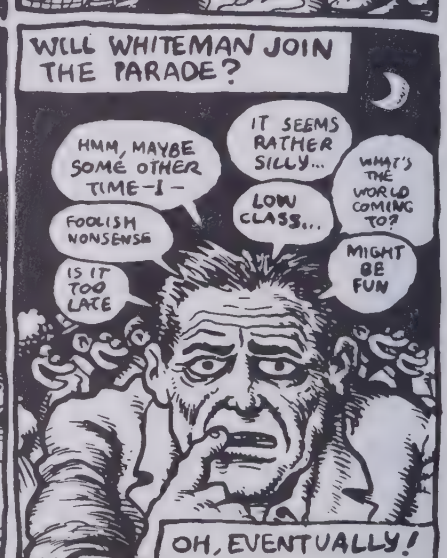
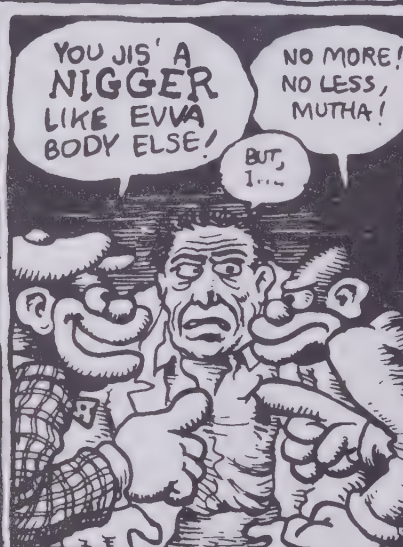
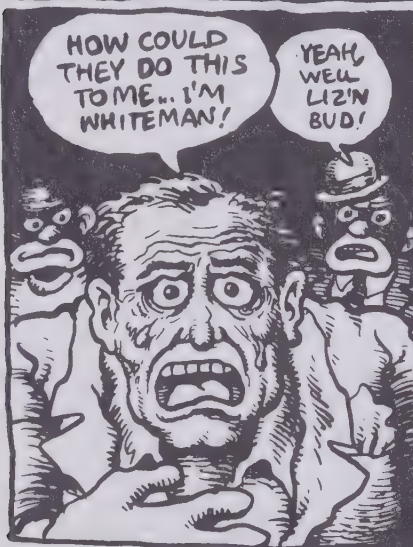








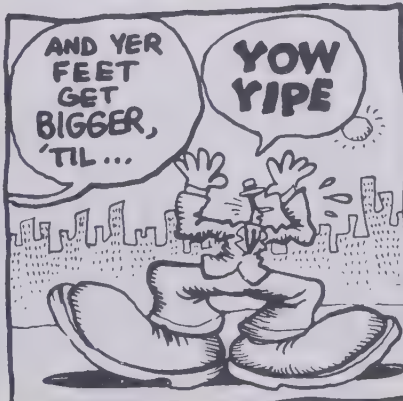
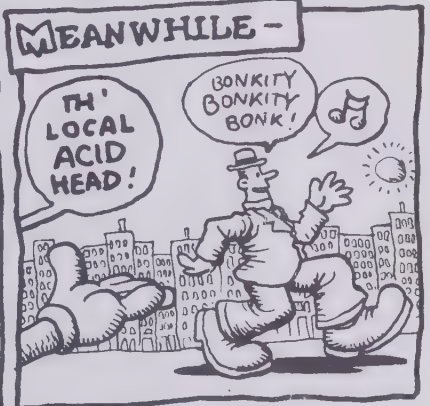
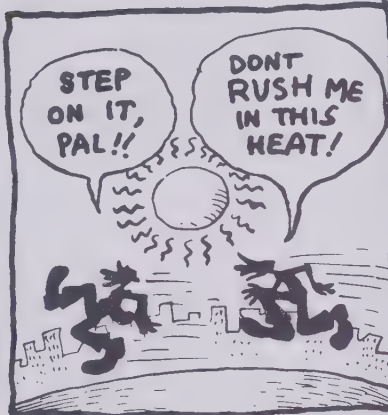


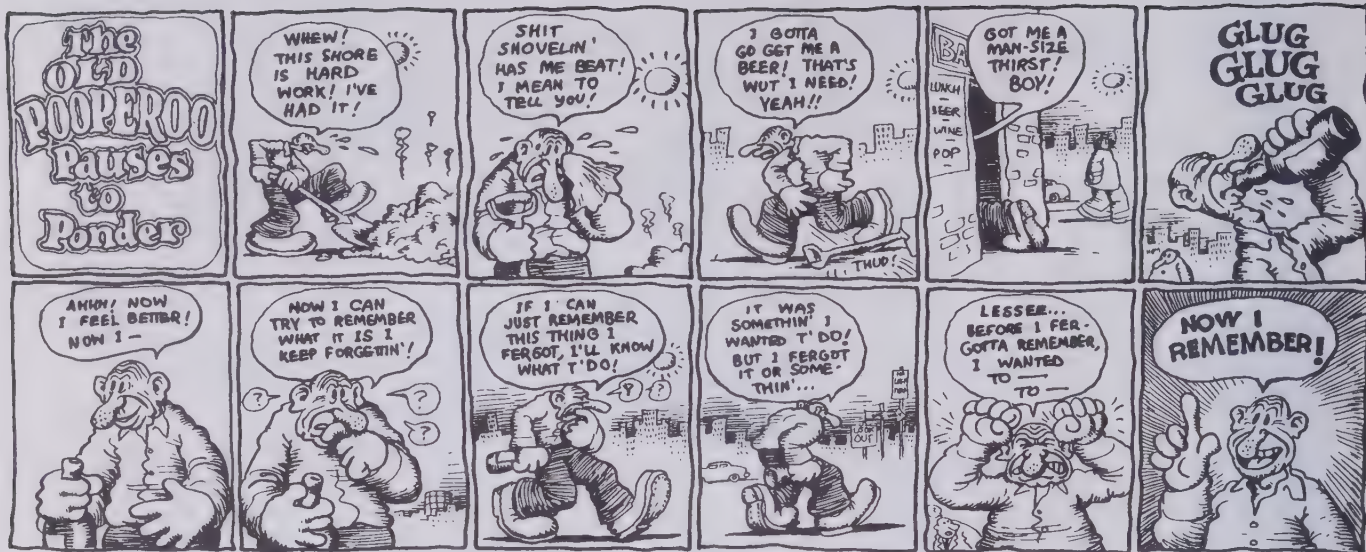




# AVINGAR

FAMOUS  
FOR THEIR  
SNAPPY BITS AND  
KRAZY KRAKS





# i WANNA GO HOME!!



CONTINUED NEXT PAGE →



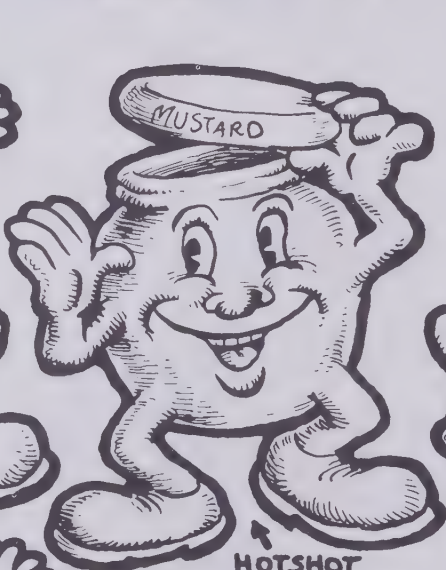


# KITCHEN

*featured  
only in*  
**ZAP  
COMICS**

**AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS  
WITH THESE CUTE LITTLE  
CHARACTERS, AND HAVE A  
BEAUTIFUL DECORATION  
AT THE SAME TIME!**

SIMPLY CUT OUT ALONG THE HEAVY BLACK  
LINE, COLOR WITH YOUR CRAYONS OR WATER  
COLORS, AND PASTE ON ANY WALL, SCHOOL-  
BOOKS, ETC., OR, YOU CAN MAKE A MOBILE!





# KUT-OUTS!

HOURS  
OF FUN!

LOADS  
OF LAFFS!

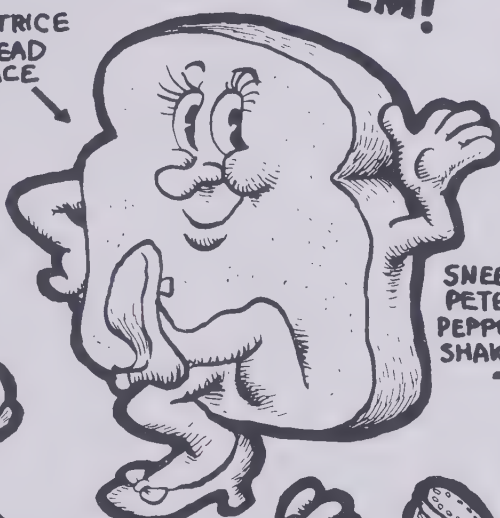
SWAP  
'EM!

TRADE  
'EM!  
COLLECT  
'EM!

DICK  
FATER



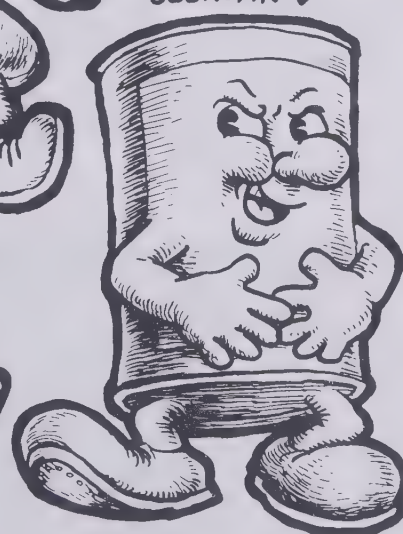
BEATRICE  
BREAD  
SLICE



SNEEZY  
PETE  
PEPPER  
SHAKER



BAD GUY  
BILLY  
BEERCAN



SID  
SPOON

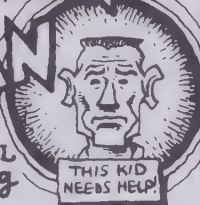


SAMMY  
SAUCER AND HIS PAL  
CONRAD  
C. CUP



# SCHUMAN the HUMAN


A POIGNANT  
PSYCHOLOGICAL  
DRAMA featuring  
MR. NATURAL



THIS KID  
NEEDS HELP!


SCHUMAN,  
YOUR MOTHER  
IS WORRIED  
ABOUT  
YOU...

YEAH YEAH  
I KNOW! SHE  
THINKS I'M A  
REAL MENTAL  
CASE! SHE WANTS  
TO HAVE ME  
PUT AWAY!

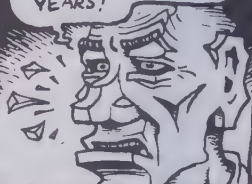


BUT I CAN'T CONCERN  
MYSELF ABOUT THAT  
NOW... THERE'S STILL  
SO MUCH WORK TO  
BE DONE!

WORK?




I'M IN THE MIDDLE  
OF SEVERAL PROJECTS...  
THE PAPERWORK ALONE  
IS ENORMOUS! AND I  
STILL HAVE RESEARCH  
TO DO THAT'LL TAKE  
YEARS!



ALL THESE FACTS,  
FIGURES, DIAGRAMS... AND  
I MUST FIT IT ALL TO-  
GETHER LIKE A GREAT  
JIGSAW PUZZLE! A  
STAGGERING TASK,  
BUT ONE WHICH I -

WHAT'S  
IT ALL  
FOR IS  
WHAT I  
WANT TO  
KNOW?




WELL, YOU SEE...  
I... UH... I HAVE A  
BEHAVIOR  
PROBLEM!

OH?



IT'S ALL  
EXTREMELY  
COMPLEX... SO  
MANY FACTORS  
ARE INVOLVED...  
I COULDN'T EVEN  
BEGIN TO EX-  
PLAIN IT...

I'LL  
BET!

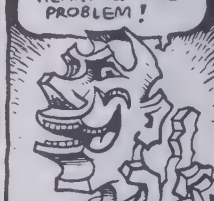


BUT!

BUT?



I BELIEVE I  
AM FINALLY AT  
LAST GETTING CLOSE  
TO THE REAL  
HEART OF THE  
PROBLEM!



AND THEN...  
AND THEN...  
I'LL BE  
HAPPY!

AH  
YER...  
NUTS!



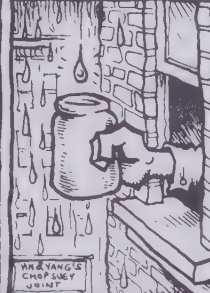
COME LOOK!  
IT'S RAINING  
OUTSIDE!

?




HEY PICKLEPUSS!  
HAVE YOU EVER  
INVESTIGATED A  
RAINDROP?

WHY,  
NO, COME  
TO THINK  
OF IT!

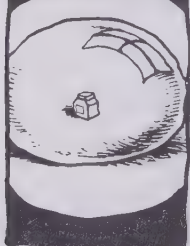



MR. TANGLE  
CHOP SUEY  
JOINT

I SUPPOSE IT'S  
WORTH EXAMINING...  
IT'S WISE NOT TO LET  
ANYTHING GET PAST  
ONE'S SCRUTINY!

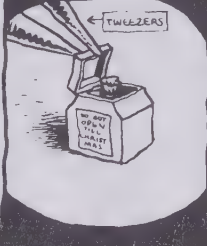


VERY INTER-  
ESTING!



VERY INTER-  
ESTING INDEED!

←TWIZZERS



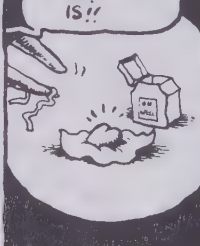
A LITTLE BAG!  
WILL WONDERS  
NEVER CEASE!



I'LL PULL THE  
STRING...AND...



WHAT?! CAN  
IT BE?... IT  
IS!!



INCREDIBLE!  
MONUMENTAL!



RIGHT THERE  
INSIDE A RAIN-  
DROP... I FOUND  
IT... ME! KA KA...  
THE HEART!  
I FOUND IT!


SORRY MISTAH  
SCHUMAN



HA HA...  
HA...  
HA

LEZ  
GO  
BOSS.

C'MON  
SHOOTIN'...  
TH' TRUCK'S  
WAITIN' OUTSIDE..



NO! WAIT!  
THIS IS WRONG!  
PLEASE... I...  
NO... NO...

TSK TSK!  
A ROTTEN  
SHAME... BUT  
SEE? THAT'S  
WHAT  
HAPPENS!



SO LISTEN, ALL  
YOU SMART KIDS!  
GET REALLY HIP!  
COME ON OUT AND  
GET ACQUAINTED!  
TALK WITH US!

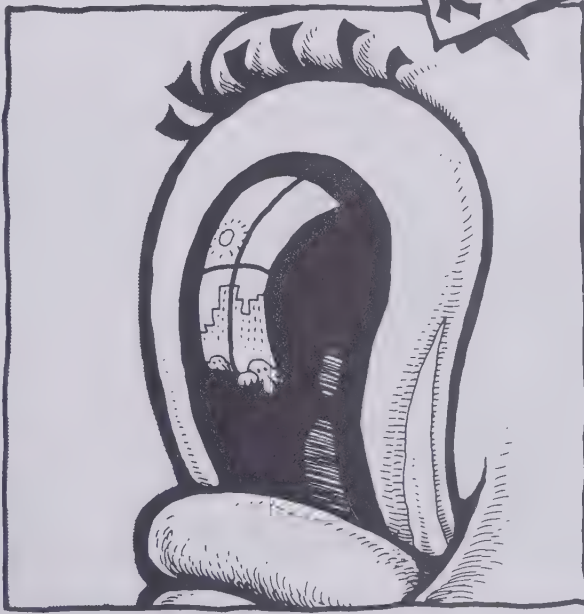
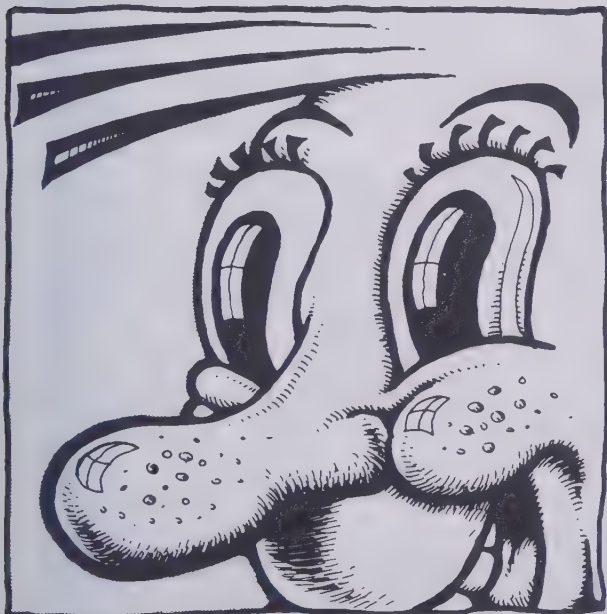
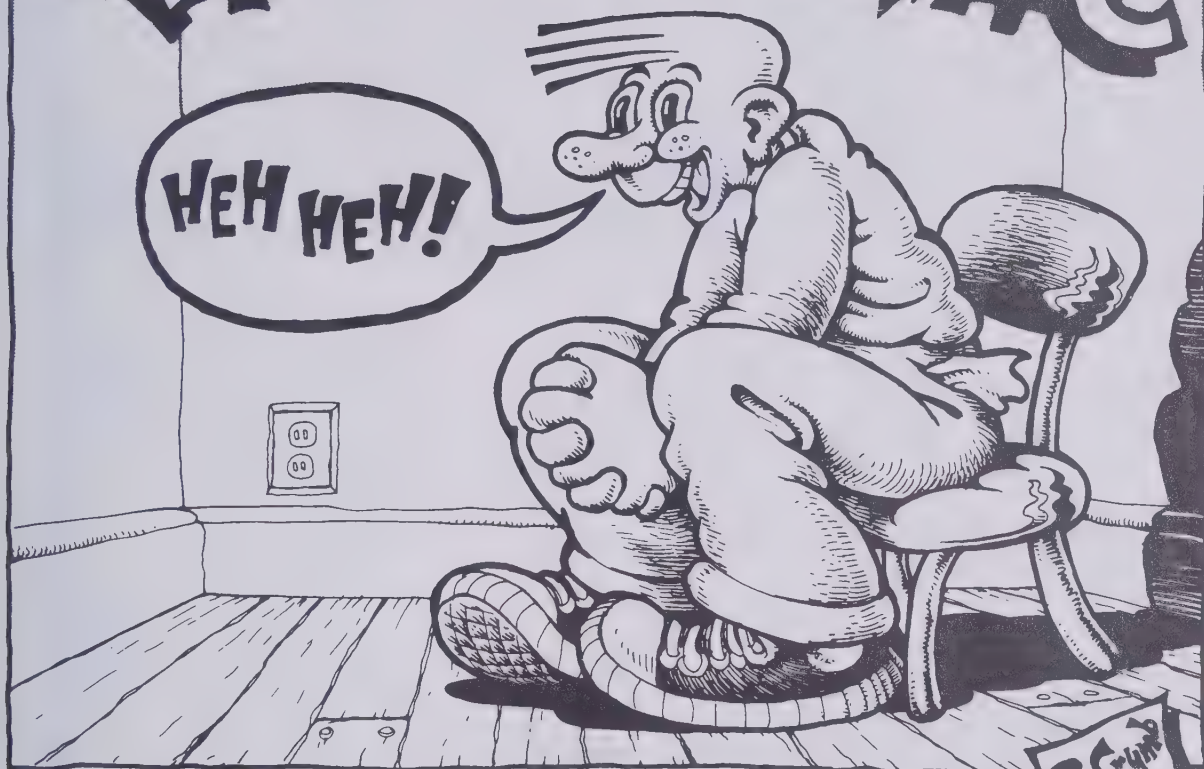
LET US  
TELL YOU  
ABOUT OUR  
EASY TERMS!  
LONG RANGE  
BENEFITS!  
NO OBLIGATIONS!  
SO LONG FOR  
NOW!

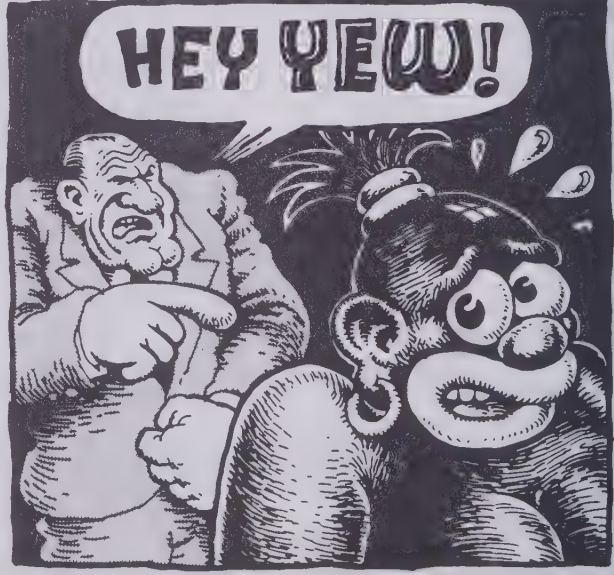
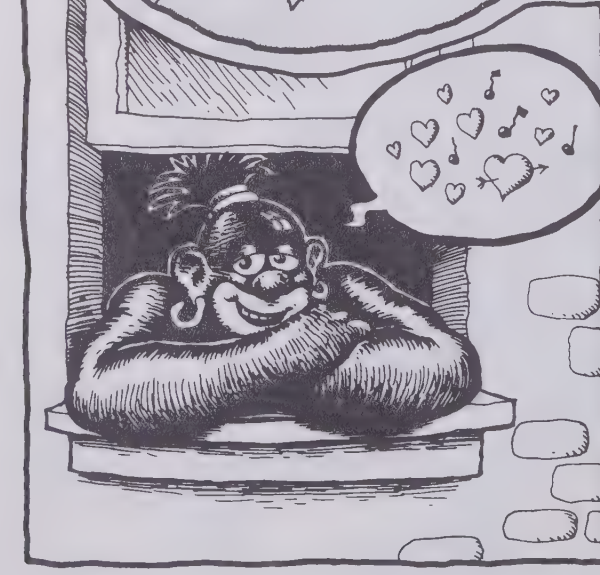
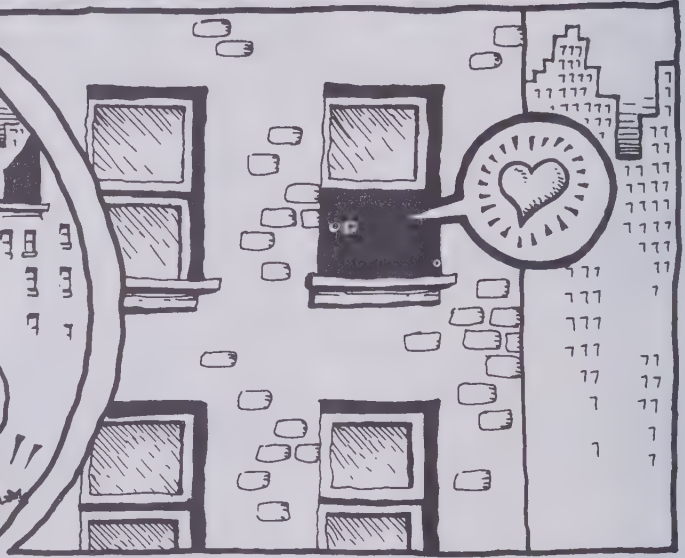




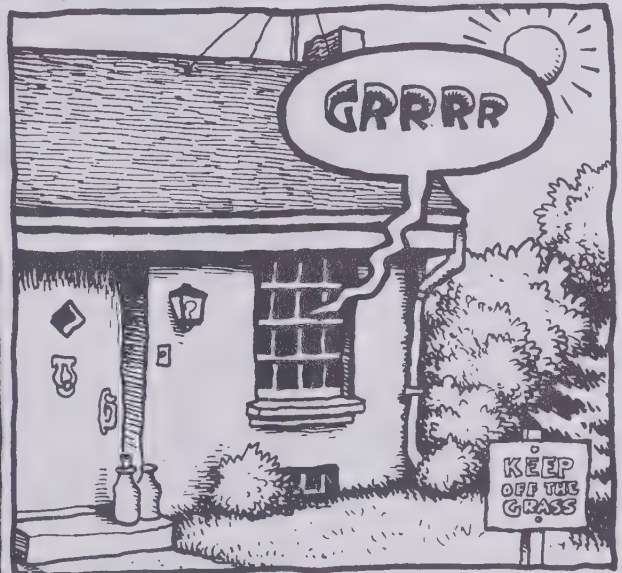
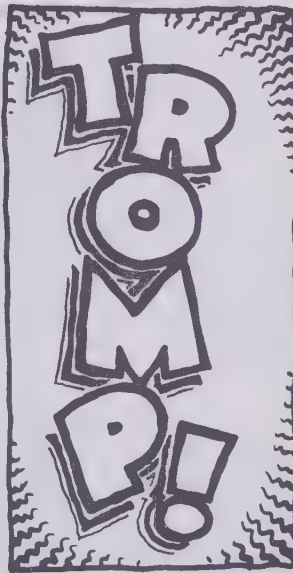
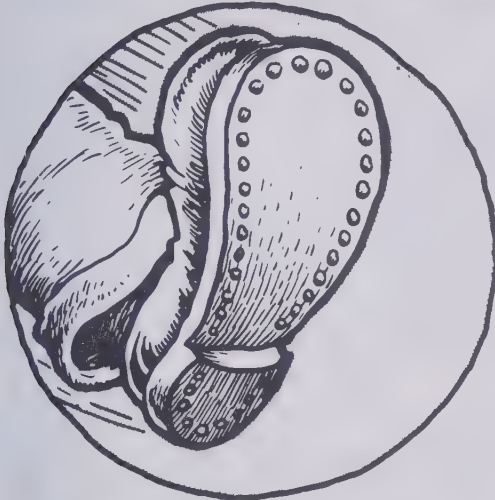
# IT'S COOL

HEH HEH!

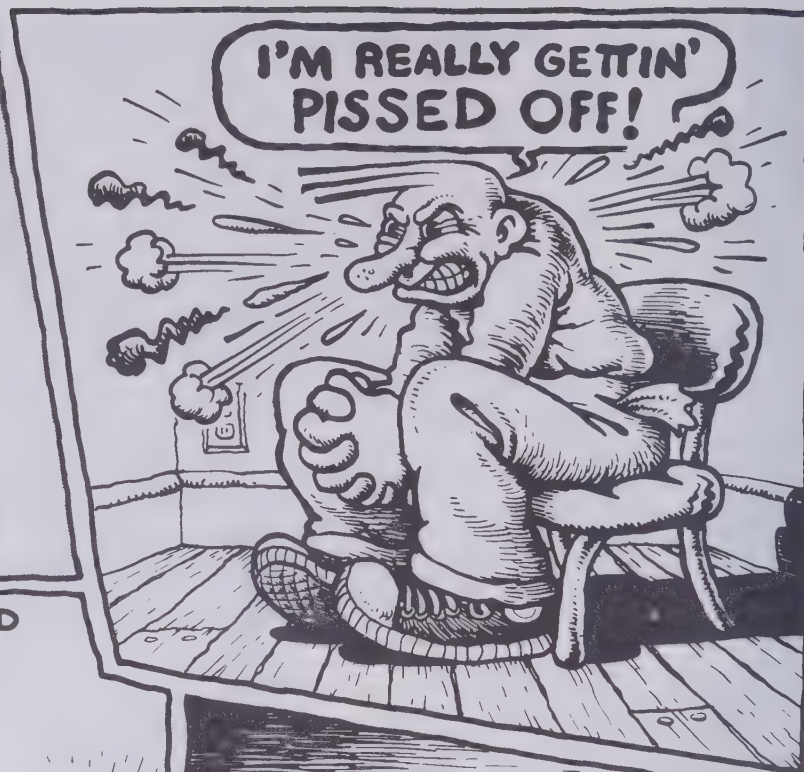




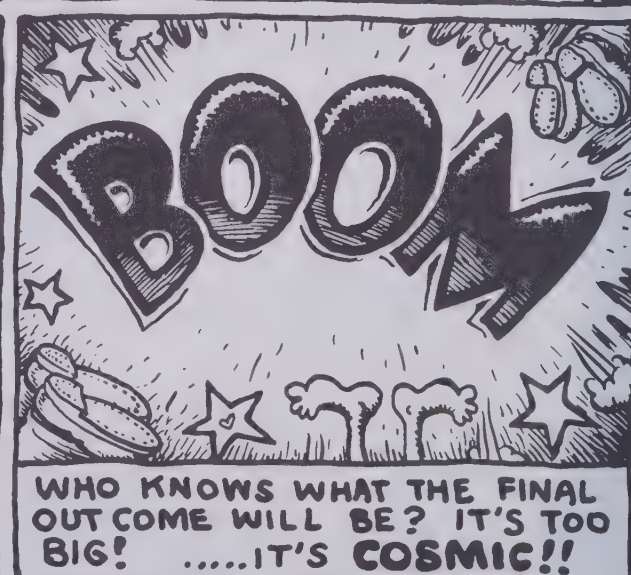
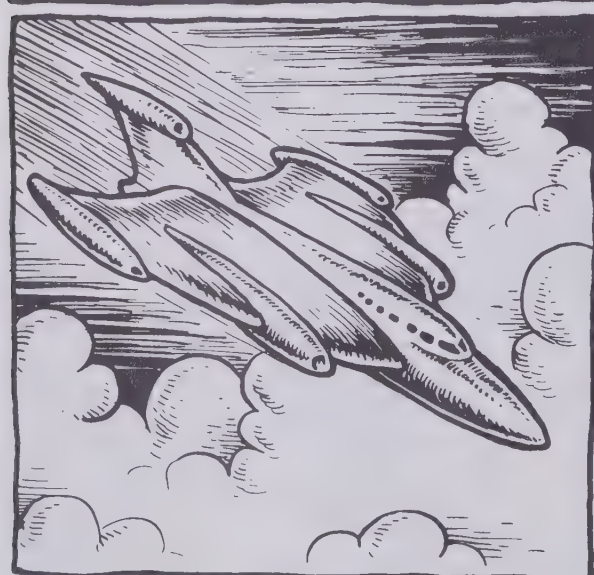
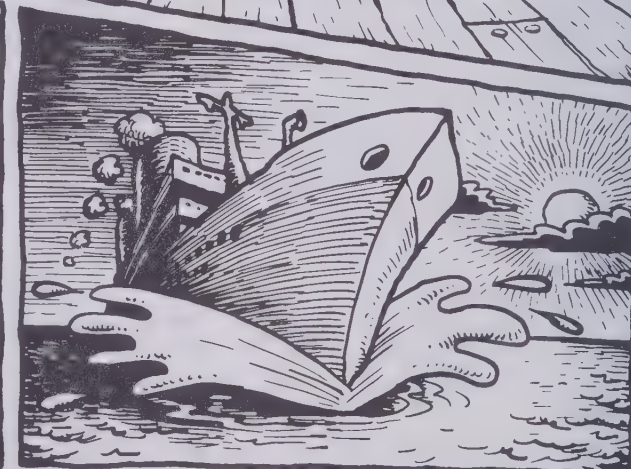
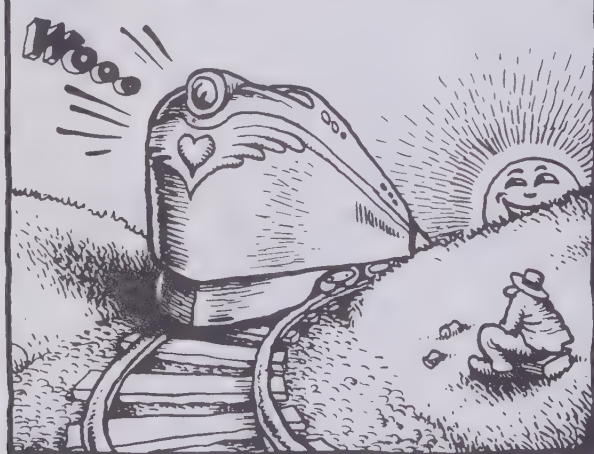








...AND HEADING TOWARD  
THAT EXACT SPOT AT  
THAT INSTANT!



WHO KNOWS WHAT THE FINAL  
OUTCOME WILL BE? IT'S TOO  
BIG! ....IT'S COSMIC!!



# NUTTIN'

PLAYING ALL KOOZ KOSTOMERS!

NUTTIN' IS NO WORSE'N SUPP'N!

SHRINKS HEMORRHOIDS  
—SAYS BILL DING!

# SHRINKS HEMORRHOIDS —SAYS BILL DING! NUTTIN' PAGE

HEY! LOOK WHO'S ON THE ROAD AGAIN! IT'S OSCAR MYER AND HIS FAMOUS 'WEENIE MOBILE'!



BUT THIS TIME HE'S NOT JUST GIVING AWAY HOT DAWGS!



THE PINT-SIZE WEINER CZAR IS OUT THERE VOTE HUNTING!



POLLS INDICATE THAT OSCAR IS WAY AHEAD IN CALIFORNIA. IF HE WINS IN THE PRIMARIES HE'LL BE THE REPUBLICANS CHOICE FOR PRESIDENT!



THE STORY BEHIND THE OSCAR MYER POWER GRAB INVOLVES A SERIES OF MANIPULATIONS BY THE GENERAL MOTORS GROUP! THIS AMBITIOUS MIDGET MUST BE STOPPED!



BUT LOOK WHO HIS OPPONENT IS! MR. ZIP! BIG BROTHER HIMSELF!



NGOOGNOG  
NGOOGNOG  
NGOON



BUT DON'T WORRY! MR. NATURAL'S GONNA BE CAMPAIGNING TOO!



HERE SHE COMES!  
IT'S HIPPIE!



SHE'S KRAZY! SHE'S ONLY SWEET SEX-TEEN!



HEY HIPPIE BABY! LET'S SMOKE SOME MORE DOPE!



THAT'S A TRIP



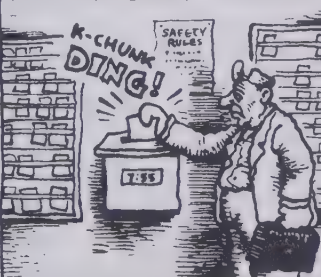
YEAH...WAIT! I GET MY RUSTY COAT HANGER!



MEANWHILE, BACK IN GRIMESVILLE TIME LURCHES ON!!



GUYS ARE STILL REPORTING TO THEIR JOBS EVERY MORNING...



MOST PEOPLE ARE STILL TRYING TO GET RICH!



AND THE SPADES HAVE TAKEN OVER THE CITY DUMP!



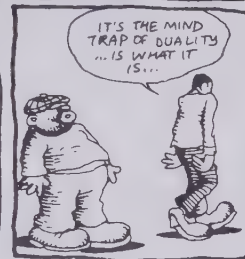
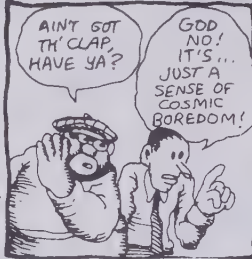
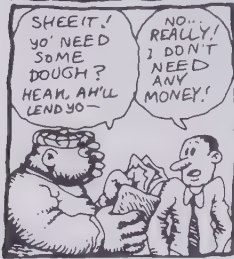
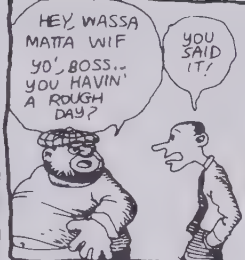
MIGHT AS WELL SMOKE SOME MORE DOPE...





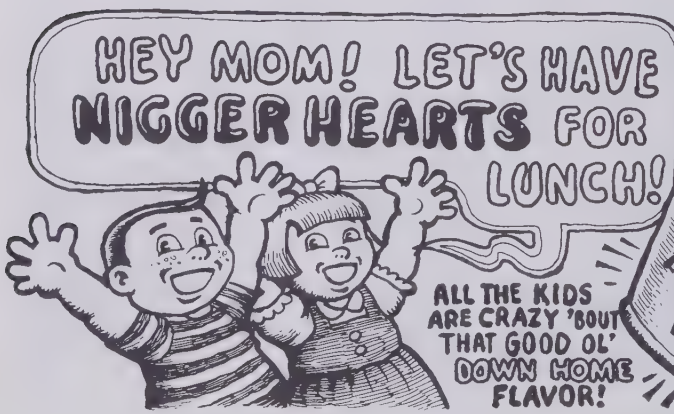
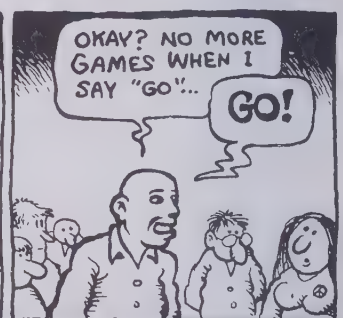
# FOONT Encounters FIMBARI

by R. Crumb



# LET'S BE HONEST

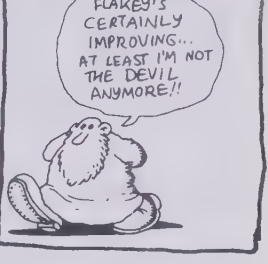
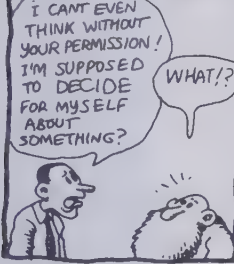
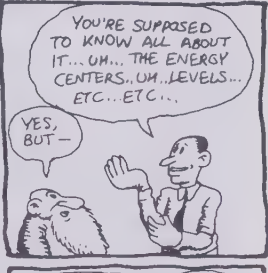
featuring  
Shuman the Human





# Mr. Natural ENCOUNTERS Flakey Foont

by R. Crumb



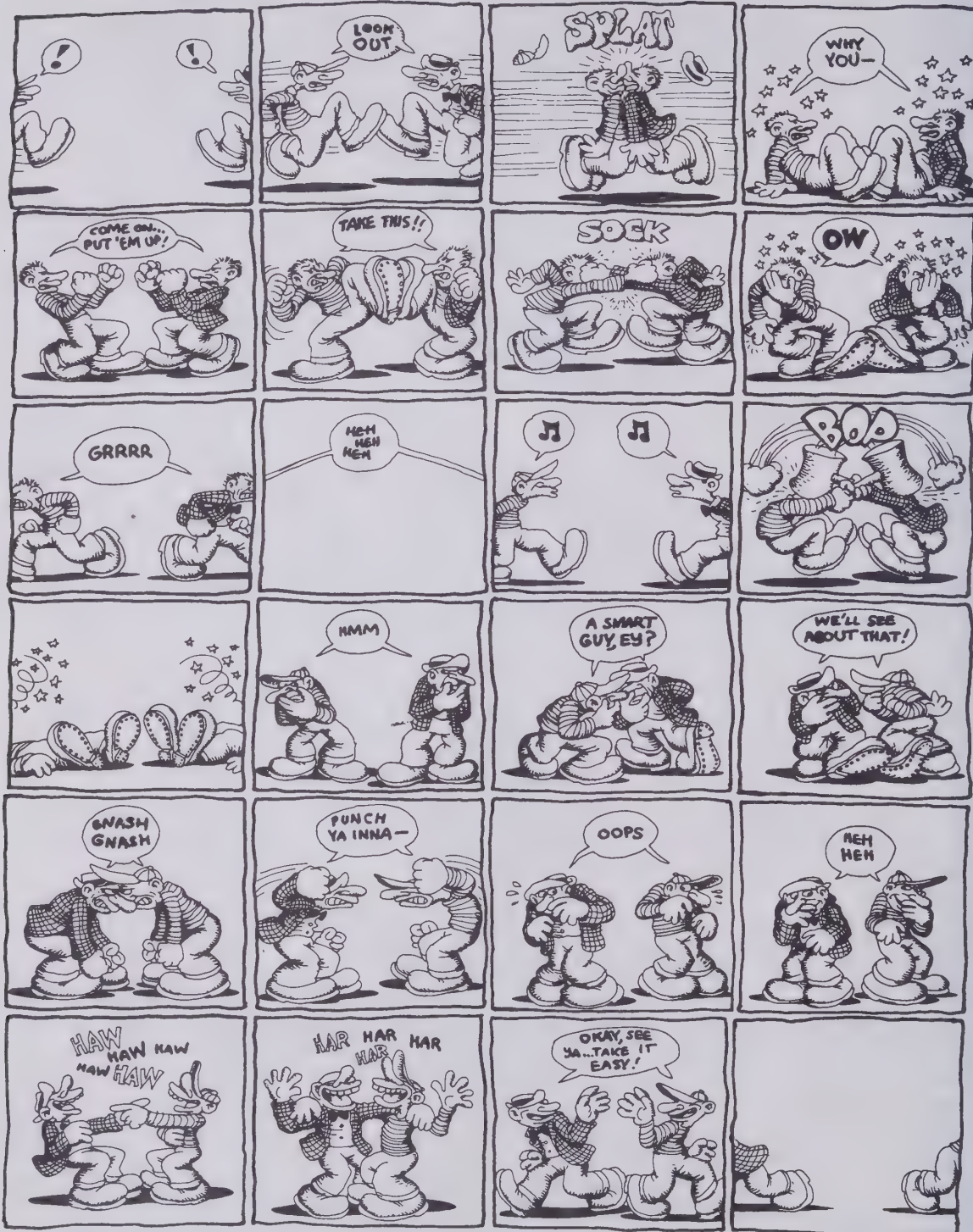
# EGGS ACKLEY THIS KID'S A SCREAM

by R. Crumb



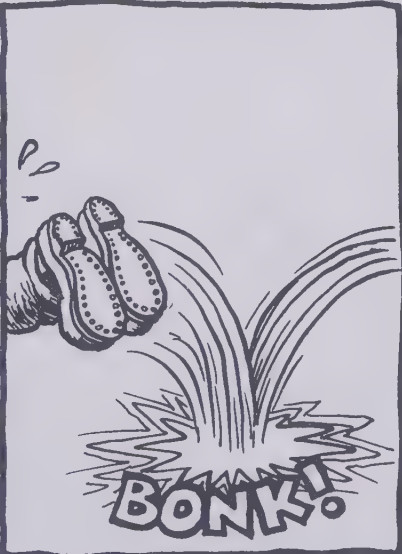
# ITZY and BITZY

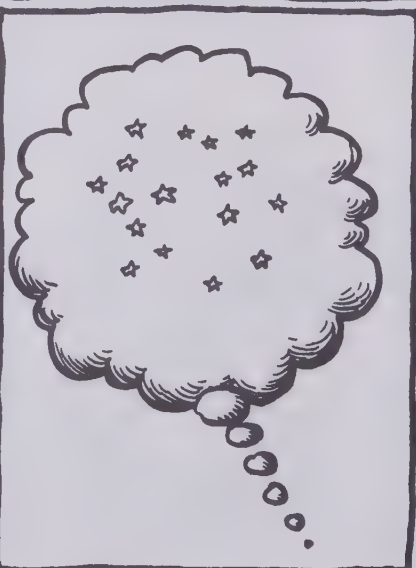
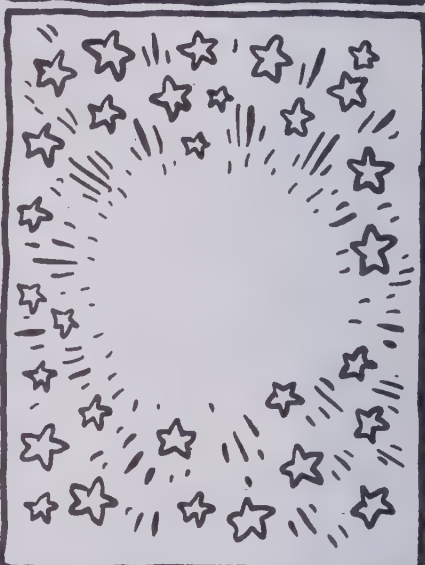
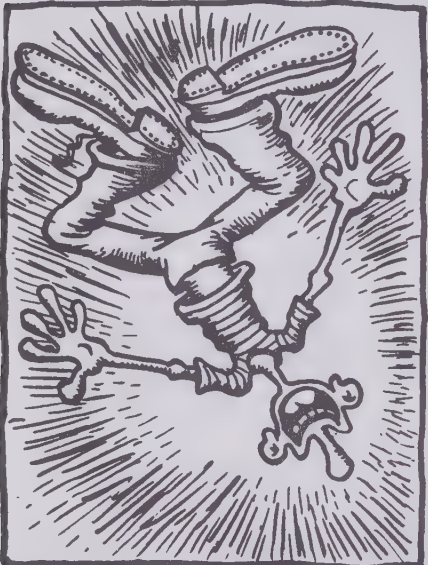
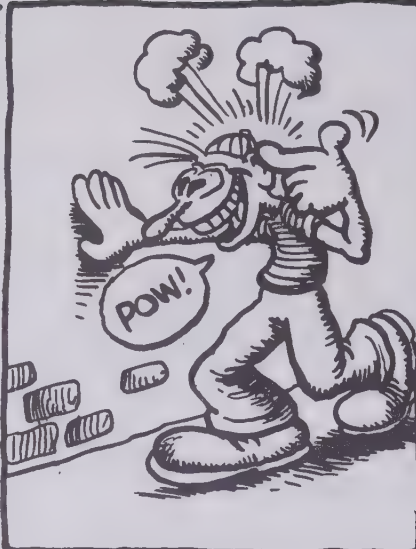
in "CAUSE and EFFECT"





freak-out funnies  
PRESENTS  
**I'M A  
DING  
DONG  
DADDY**  
by  
*R. Crumb*





....THE END



# "DUCKS YAS YAS"

"MAMA BOUGHT A ROOSTER  
THOUGHT IT WAS A DUCK  
BROUGHT IT TO THE TABLE WITH  
ITS LEGS STRAIGHT UP."  
—OLIVER COBB'S  
RHYTHM KINGS, 1927

THIS IS A STORY ABOUT BIG  
CITY BLUES, ABOUT THE STONED  
OUT GURUS, HOPPED-UP SAINTS  
AND FLUNKED OUT HIPSTERS  
WHO ROAM THE STARK  
STREETS AND STAY UP ALL  
NIGHT AND DONT WATCH  
TELEVISION!

"SITTING AROUND FEELING  
WHAT I CALL MERGED!"



SPANISH EDDY WAS HERE  
AN HOUR AGO.



SON OF A BITCH KNOCKS ON THE  
DOOR AND SAYS "IT'S SPANISH EDDY.  
I'VE COME TO TAKE YOU OFF!"  
A REAL GENTLEMAN!



EVERYTHING I EVER OWNED  
HAS BEEN "BORROWED"!  
THERE GO THE SIRENS AGAIN!



MAKES ME SHAKE  
ALL OVER!!



I CAN FEEL BAD VIBRATIONS  
CREEPING IN THROUGH THE CRACKS!  
MAN, IT BRINGS ME DOWN!



SMILIN' ED IS DEAD!  
GONE FOREVER! SHIT!



WENT OUT TO CALL THIS CHICK  
IN JERSEY CITY... MAYBE SHE  
CAN SEND ME SOME BREAD!





I'M OUT ON THE STREET...TRIED  
TO BUM A NICOTINE STICK BUT  
THEY EDGE AWAY FROM ME!



I GOT VERY PARANOID! I  
WAS SURE THIS COP KNEW  
WHERE I WAS AT!



WHAT I DIDNT NEED RIGHT  
THEN WAS TO GET BUSTED! I  
DUCKED INTO THE SUBWAY AND  
TOOK AN EXPRESS TO CONEY  
ISLAND!



CUT OUT OF THERE AND MADE A  
DECISION TO GO BACK TO MY WIFE!



CALLED BUT NO ANSWER! SO  
SCREW THE BITCH! WHO  
NEEDS THE HASSLE!



A CRAZY MOTHERFUCKER WAS  
WALKING AROUND BLOWING HIS-  
TERICAL SAX! JUST JIVED MY MIND!



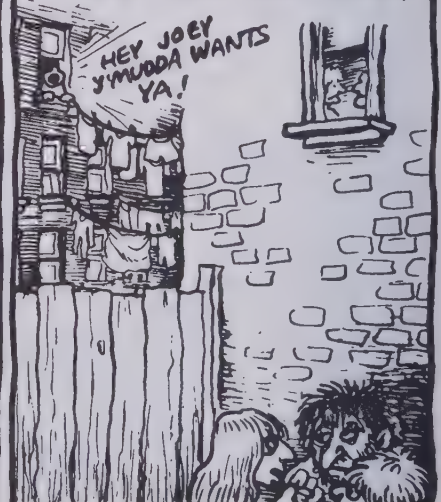
A REAL SUCKER! I MEAN, THAT  
JOHN WAS NARROW MINDED!



MET SOME CATS I KNOW...  
WE SPLIT TO AN ALLEY TO  
SMOKE SOME SHIT!



A SHARON WHAT'SER NAME  
SAID SHE GOT SYPHILLUS FROM  
A TOILET SEAT. BAD SCENE!

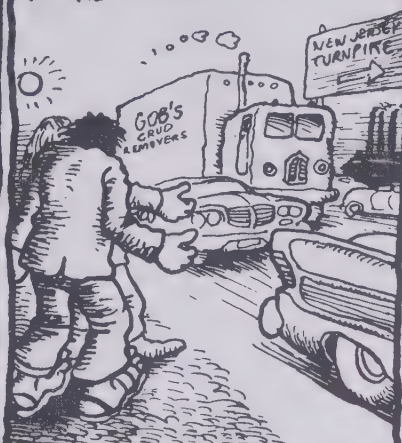




BOPPED OVER TO THE EAST SIDE  
WITH A DEALER NAME OF "TEEN-  
AGE RIC". WE NEEDED A  
BUZZ!

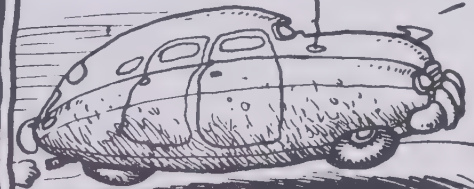


THE NARKS WERE LOOKING  
FOR TEEN-AGE RIC. HE INVITED  
ME TO HITCH IT WITH HIM OUT  
TO THE COAST.



FIRST RIDE WAS A WILD YOUNG KID  
IN A BIG OLD '51 HUDSON. WE  
DRANK WINE ALL THE WAY TO  
CINCINNATI!

**BEEP!**



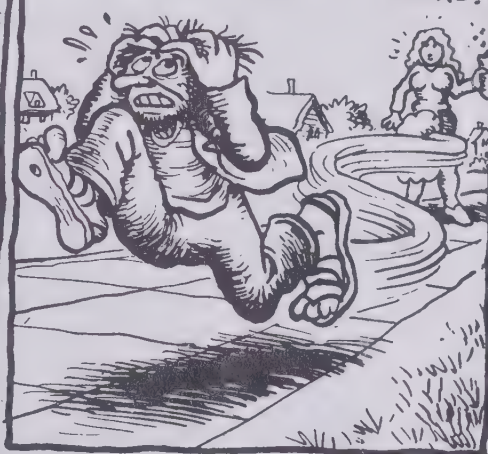
TEEN-AGE RIC MOVED IN WITH A  
CHICK IN IOWA CITY. I HIT THE  
ROAD ALONE AND SAD.



DAYS LATER IN NEBRASKA, A  
BEAUTIFUL BLONDE HIGH SCHOOL  
CHICK WITH BIG TITS OFFERED  
ME SOME POP CORN!



MAN, I ALMOST FUCKED HER RIGHT  
THERE ON THE SIDEWALK! IT WAS TOO  
MUCH! GREAT GIRLS OUT THERE!



BUSTED IN NEW MEXICO ON  
A VAGRANCY, THIRTY DAYS IN  
JAIL SPENT FUCKING AROUND  
IN MY HEAD! WOW!



FINALLY WOUND UP ON OL'  
HAIGHT STREET, DROPPED  
ACID FOR THREE WEEKS!  
MAN, IT WAS INTERGALACTIC!

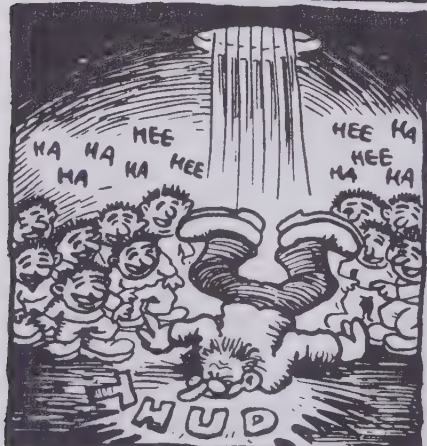
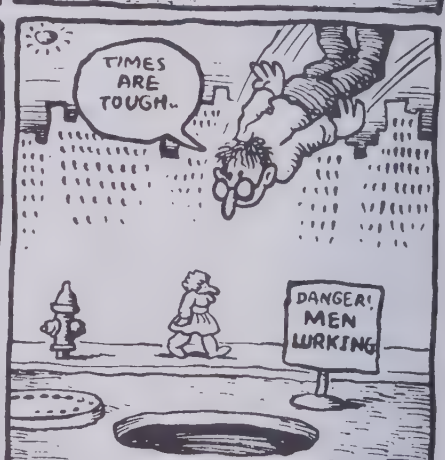
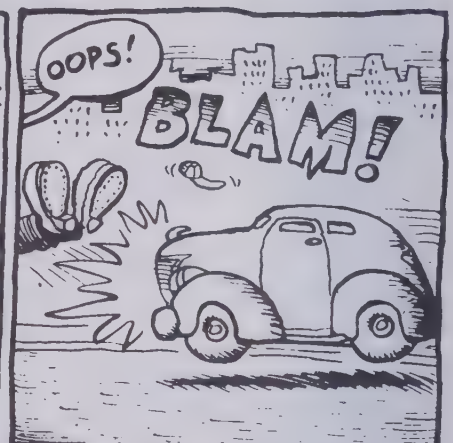


SPLIT OUTA THAT FREAK SHOW  
WITH A TRUCKLOAD OF ZEN  
MONKS. DOIN' THE SPIRITUAL  
THING UP IN THE MOUNTAINS! WHAT-  
EVER'S RIGHT, MAN! WOW!

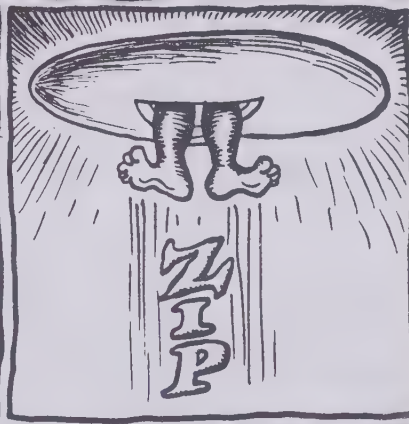
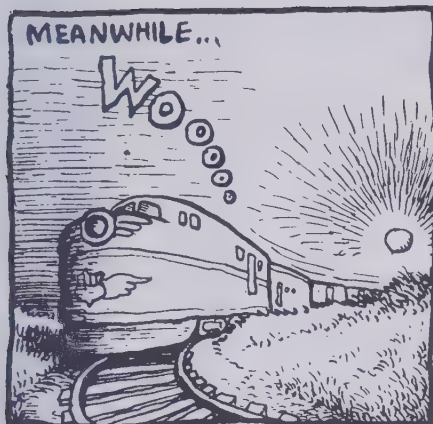




# BREAK OUT FUNNIES









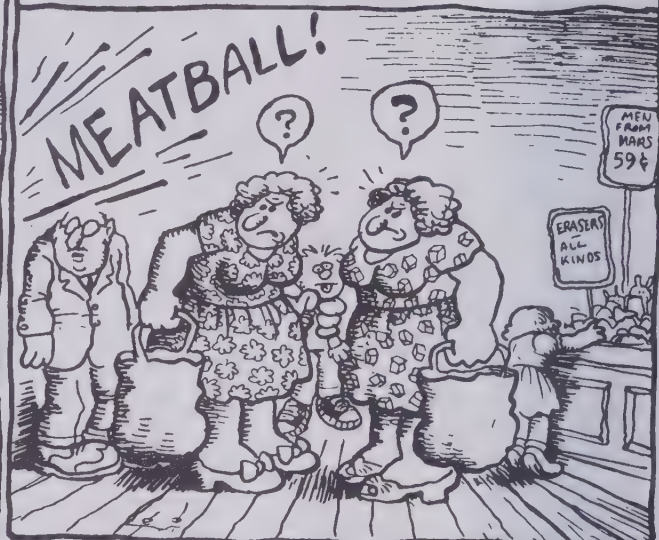
NO ONE CAN EXPLAIN IT. NO ONE KNOWS WHO'S BEHIND IT OR WHAT THE PURPOSE IS. ALL WE CAN DO IS BE GRATEFUL FOR....

# MEATBALL

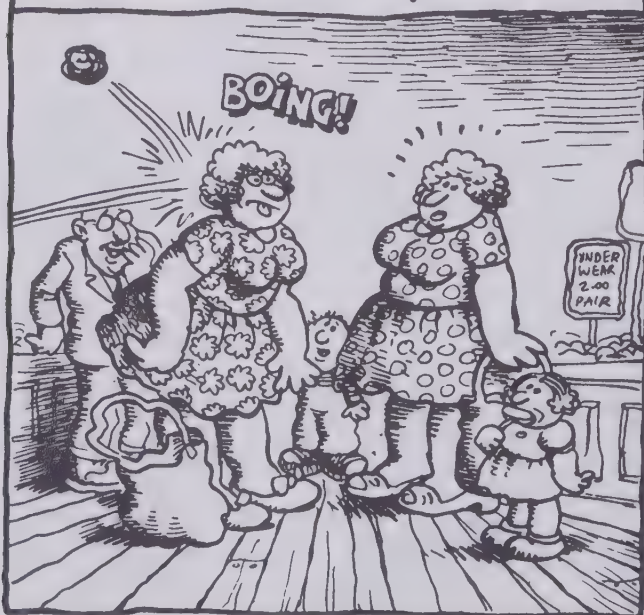
THE FIRST KNOWN INCIDENT TOOK PLACE IN A DIME STORE IN JERSEY CITY BACK IN 1959. A MRS. YAHOOTIE AND A MRS. KNISH WERE HAVING A TERRIBLE FIGHT.



...WHEN SUDDENLY A VOICE CRIED OUT!



MRS. YAHOOTIE GOT HIT!

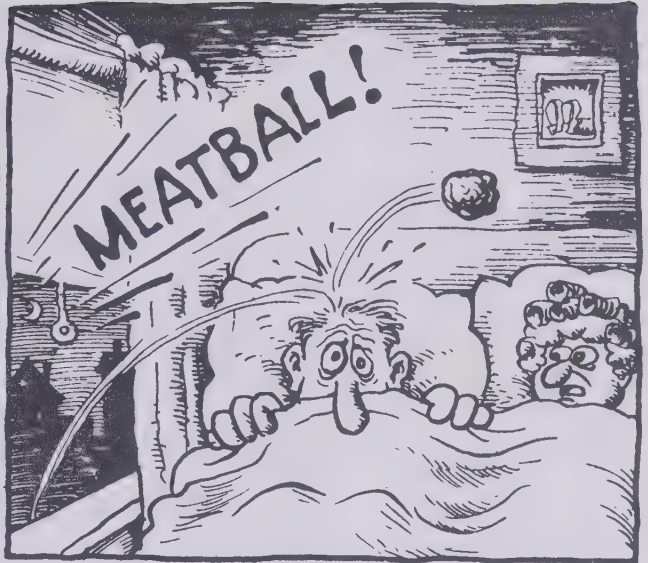


MEATBALL CHANGED HER LIFE. HER NAME IS NOW A HOUSEHOLD WORD. SHE HAS MADE DOZENS OF APPEARANCES ON TV AND RADIO AND HAS BECOME AMERICA'S FAVORITE MOTHER!





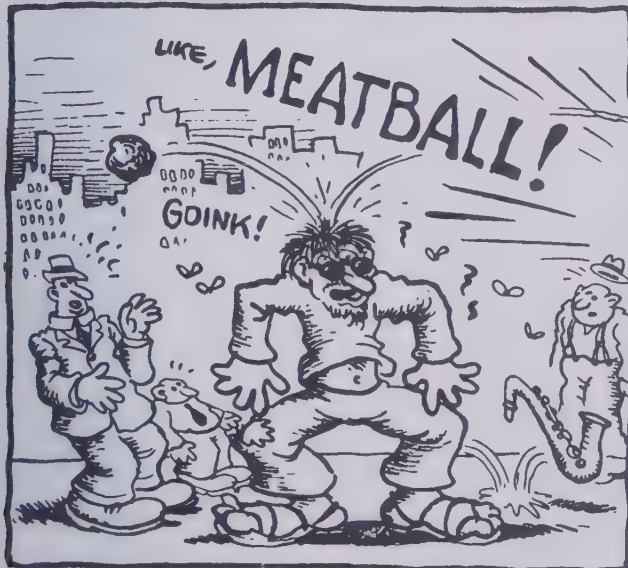
ALMOST TWO YEARS LATER IT HAPPENED AGAIN. A MACHINIST FOR DEMPSTER DUMPMASTER WAS HAVING ONE OF HIS NIGHTMARES ABOUT THE H-BOMB...



NOW THE GUY SPENDS ALL HIS TIME ANSWERING LETTERS AND PHONE CALLS FROM PEOPLE WANTING SPECIFIC DETAILS.

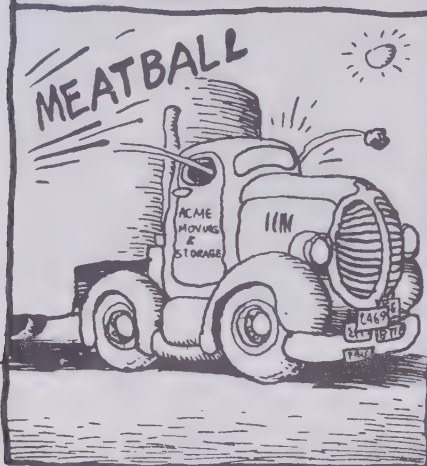


THEN THERE WAS THE BEATNIK WHO WAS ALWAYS HIGH...

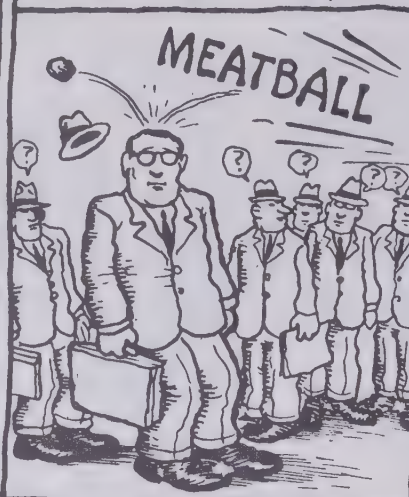




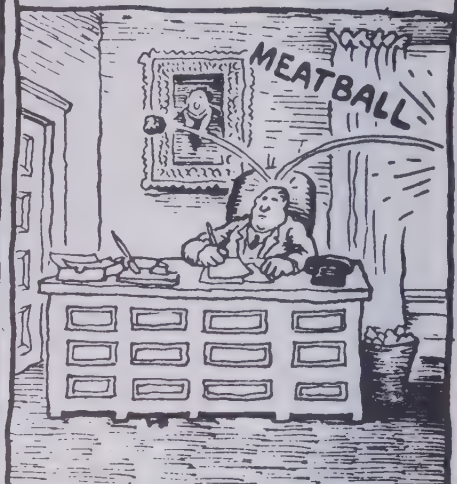
AROUND THREE YEARS AGO, MEATBALLS BEGAN STRIKING MORE FREQUENTLY.



PEOPLE IN ALL WALKS OF LIFE WERE GETTING HIT



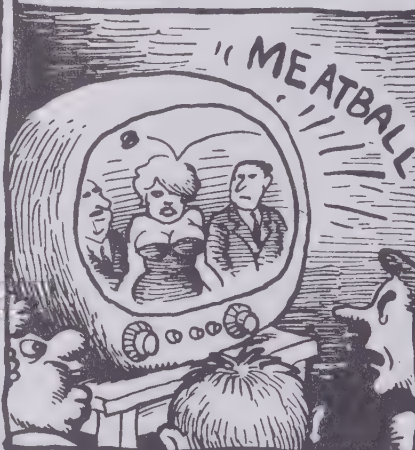
RESPECTED MEN IN HIGH PLACES WERE GETTING HIT.



BERTRAND RUSSELL GOT HIT.



KIM NOVAK GOT HIT ON TV IN FRONT OF MILLIONS OF VIEWERS...



ARTICLES BEGAN TO APPEAR IN MAGAZINES. NOTED EXPERTS STATED THEIR VIEWS.



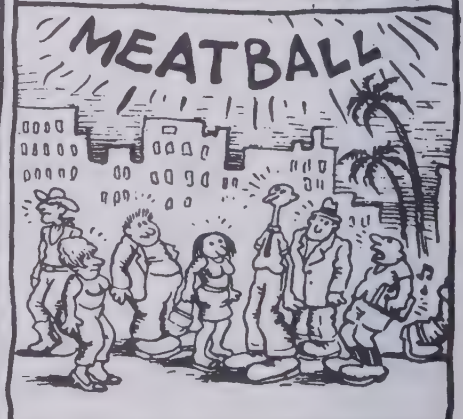
SPEECHES WERE MADE BY MEN OF GOVERNMENT... COMMITTEES FORMED... INVESTIGATIONS STARTED...



THE POLICE PICKED UP SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS BELIEVED TO BE INVOLVED IN THE MEATBALL "PLOT!"

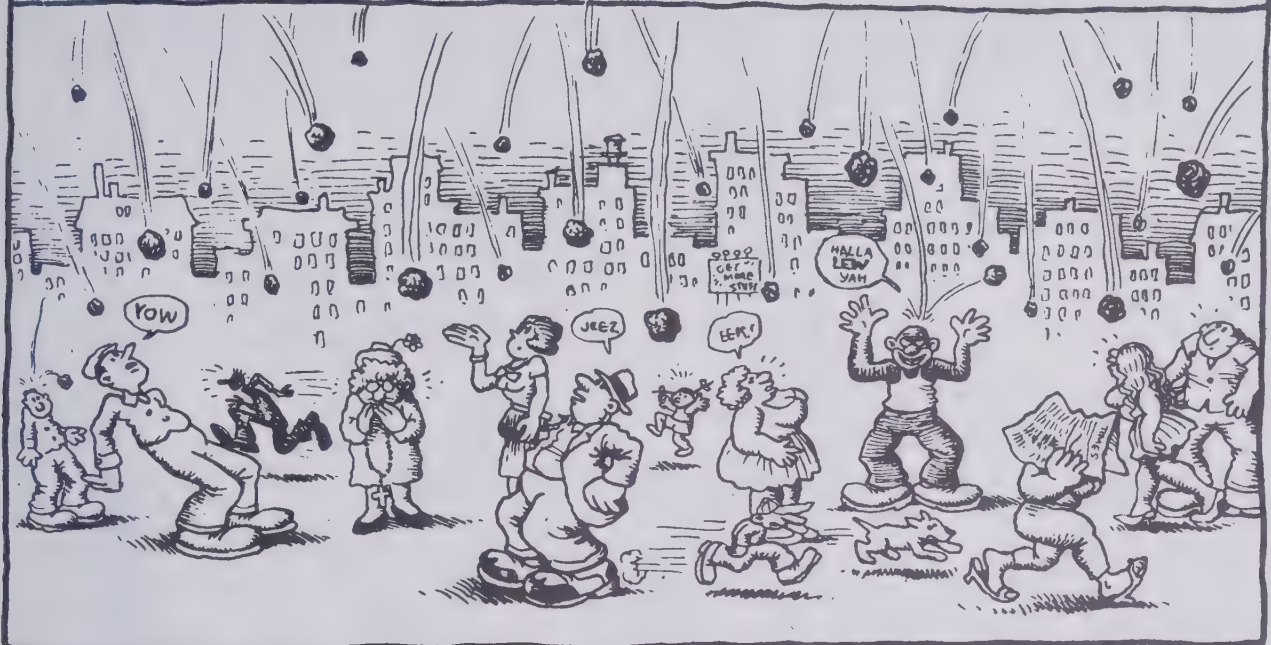


THEN ONE SMOGGY TUESDAY IN LOS ANGELES, AROUND 12 NOON, EVERYONE IN THE DOWNTOWN AREA HEARD THE CRY... WHAT FOLLOWED IS HISTORY.





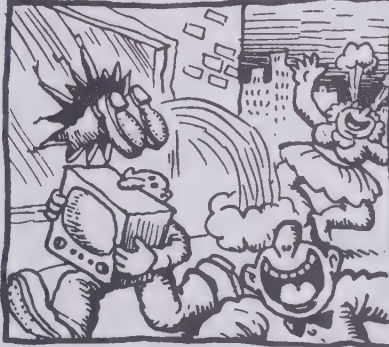
IT RAINED MEATBALLS IN DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES FOR ALMOST 15 MINUTES!



THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE ALL WERE HIT AT THE SAME TIME



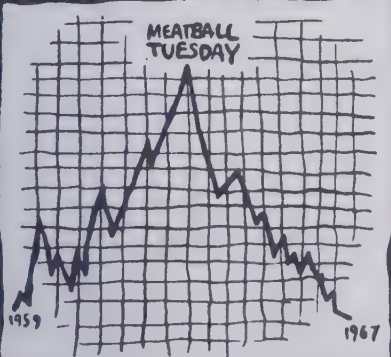
THERE WAS RIOTING AND LOOTING AND DANCING IN THE STREETS AND A LOT OF GIGGLING!



COPS BUSTED HEADS BUT THEY COULDN'T STOP WHAT HAD HAPPENED.



SINCE "MEATBALL TUESDAY" IT APPEARS THAT THE NUMBER OF INSTANCES HAS STARTED TO TAPER OFF...



FOR MANY OF THOSE WHO HAVEN'T YET ENCOUNTERED THE MEATBALL, THE DECLINE IS A CONSTANT SOURCE OF ANXIETY AS THEY WAIT AND HOPE THAT SOME FINE DAY THEY TOO.....BUT ALAS...



MEATBALL DOESN'T WORK THAT WAY!



—THE END—

# Hamburger He-jinx

featuring

## CHEESIS KREIST

Y'KNOW WHAT  
I NEED?  
Y'KNOW WHAT  
I WANT?  
Y'KNOW WHAT  
I'M GETTIN'?



WELL IT WON'T  
BE LONG NOW!

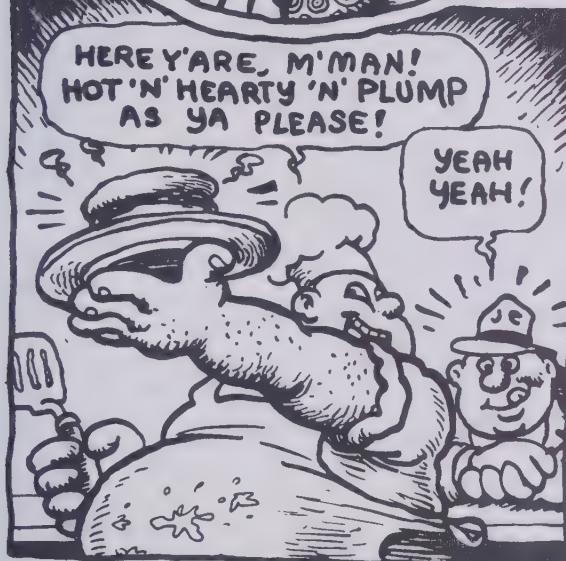
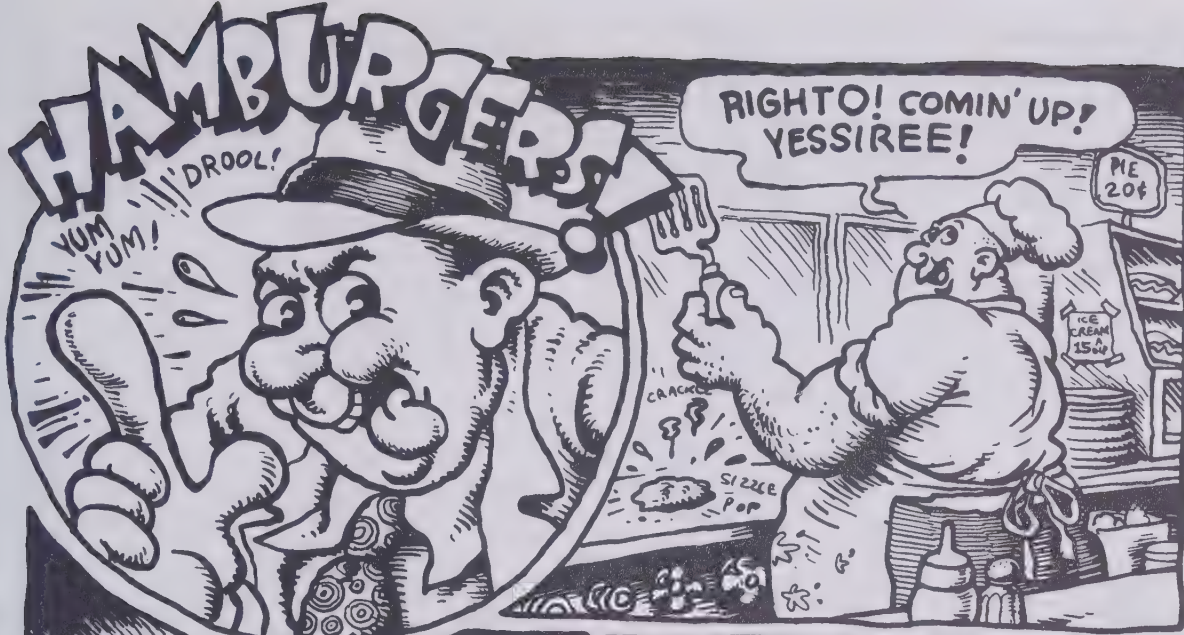
**SLURP  
SLURP**

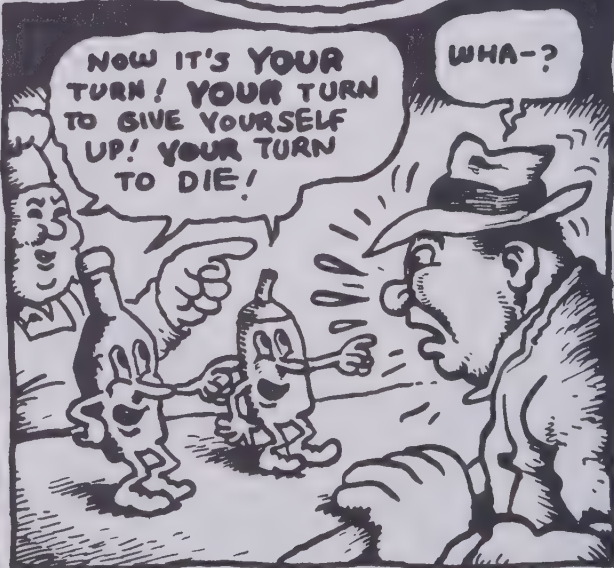
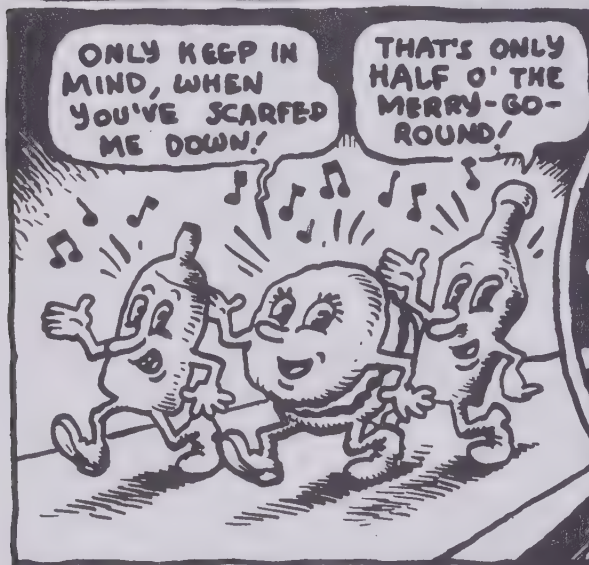
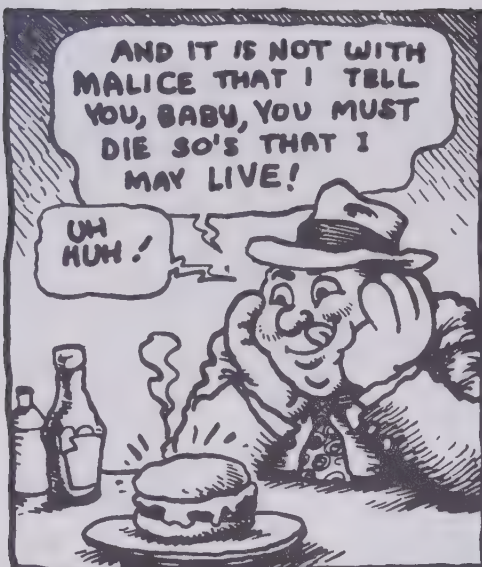


HEY THERE, MR.  
GRILLMAN! GIMME  
ONE O' THEM DEE-LISHUS  
LI'L... SCROMPSHUS LI'L...  
YUMMY LI'L...

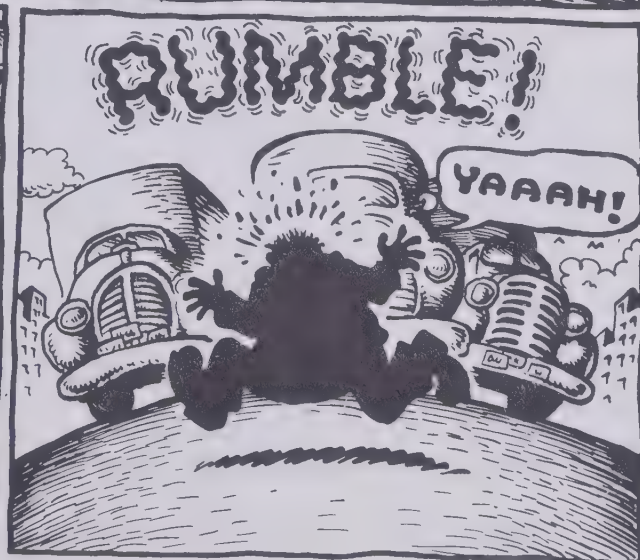




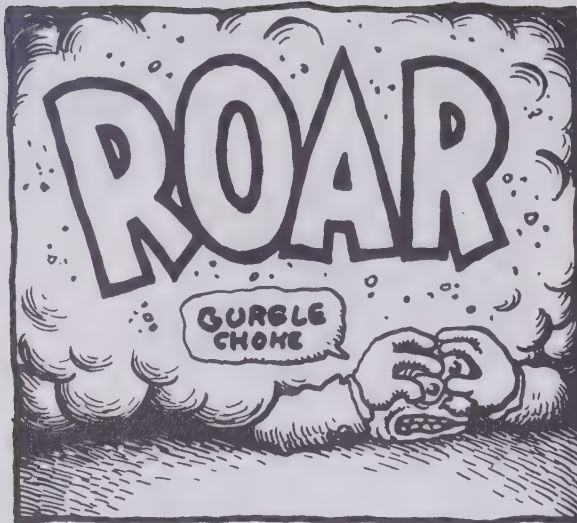




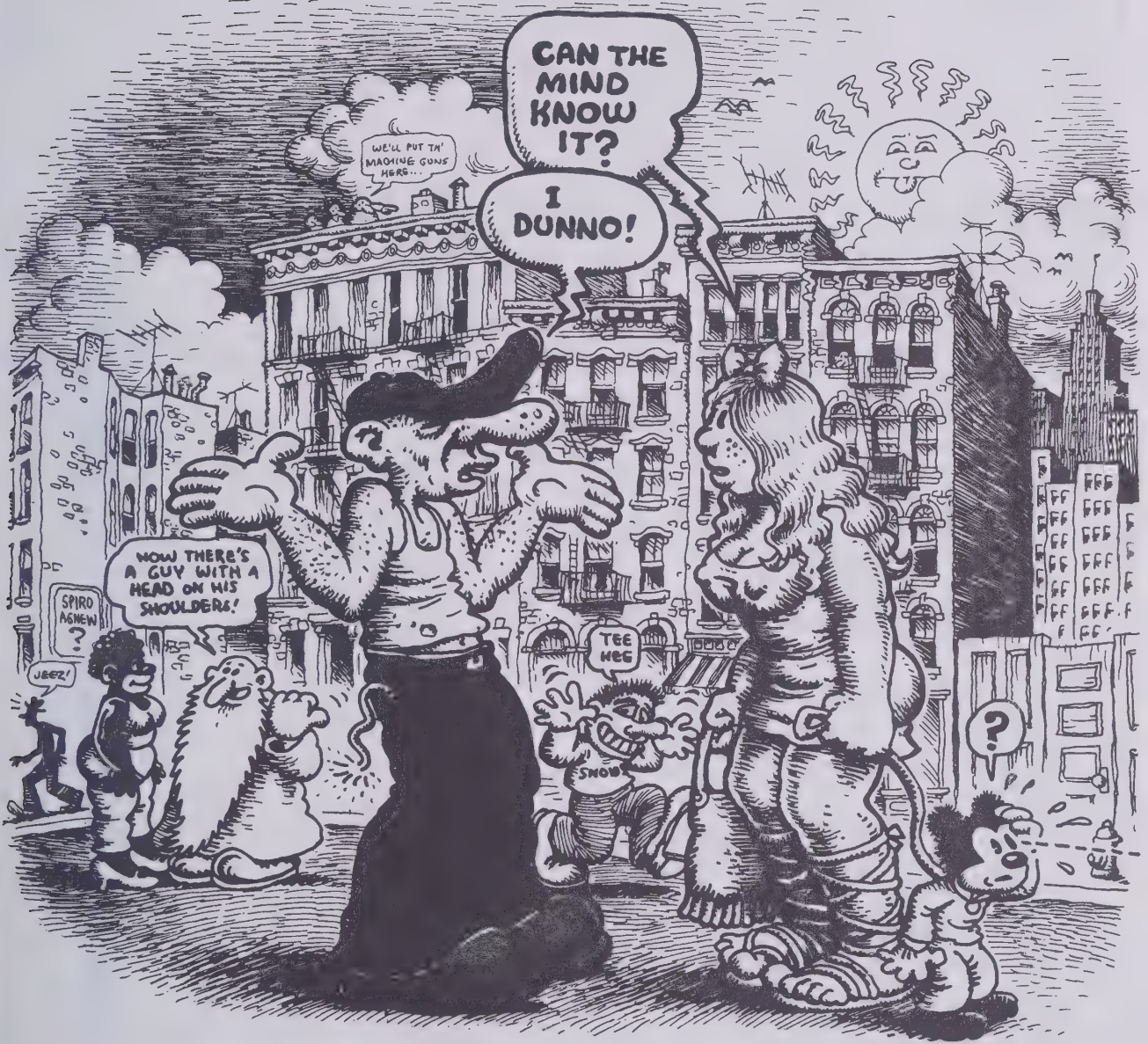












CAN THE  
MIND  
KNOW  
IT?

I  
DUNNO!

WE'LL PUT TH'  
MACHINE GUNS  
HERE...

NOW THERE'S  
A GUY WITH A  
HEAD ON HIS  
SHOULDER!

SPIRO  
AGNEW  
?

JEEZ!

TEE  
HEE

SHOW

?

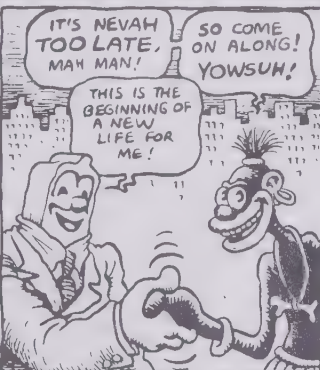
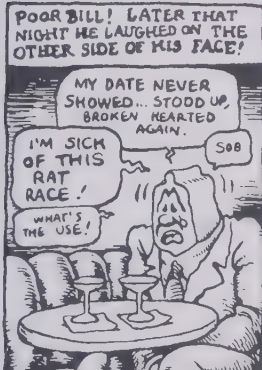
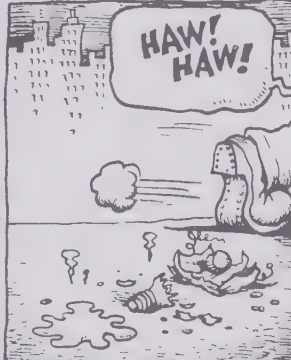
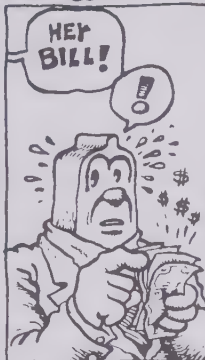




## AND HIS SIDEKICK JUDY HOLIDAY

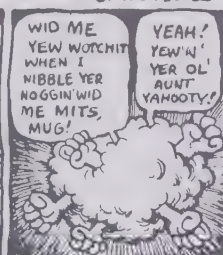
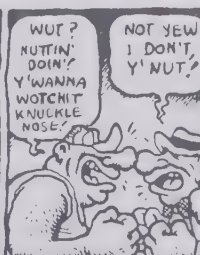






## Then on the Other Hand...

by R. CRUMB CARTONIST HERO OF THE PEOPLE













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WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS "HEAD COMIX"?

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JUST LOOK  
WHAT THEY'RE  
SAYING!

"SO FAR SUPREME  
FUNNY UNDERGROUND  
COMICSTRIP INCARNATION  
OF THE POSTHISTORIC  
FLOWER AGE."  
—ALLEN GINSBERG

HEY, MAN,  
AIN'T DIS DE  
FUNNIEST  
COMIC  
YOU EVVA BEEN  
IN?

AM IS  
SPLITIN'  
MAH SIDES,  
AS YO' KIN,  
PLAINLY  
SEE."

"A GREAT VULGAR  
COMIC ARTIST IN  
THE GRAND TRA-  
DITION OF SMOKEY  
STOVER."  
—MILTON GLASER

DIS IS  
DE STUFF,  
BABY!

TREE  
MENJUS!

"CRUMB  
GENTLY KICKS  
THE AMERICAN  
SCENE IN ITS  
GROIN."  
—TOMI UNGERER

"HE MIXES  
THE GREAT COMIC  
STRIP TRADITION WITH  
CONTEMPORARY  
DIALOGUE. HMMM."  
—DAVID LEVINE

PANT PANT  
OH CRUMB  
YOU DO IT  
SO-O-O  
GOOD!

"HEAD COMIX  
WIGS ME. CRUMB  
BEGINS WHERE MAD  
LEAVES OFF."  
—TERRY SOUTHERN

"CRUMB IS  
BEAUTIFUL."  
—SHEL SILVERSTEIN

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